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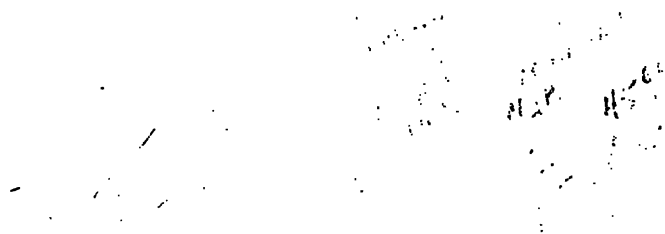
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THE
AMUSING COMPANION;

OR,
INTERESTING STORY TELLER.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
MARVELLOUS, WONDERFUL, MORAL, SENTIMENT-
AL, HUMOROUS, AND INSTRUCTIVE

TALES.

' From flower to flower, from tree to tree,
Culling of sweets—thus roves the bee;
Here in one fragrant heap we find
The quintessence of all combined.'

NEW YORK :
CHARLES P. FESSENDEN — 157 BROADWAY.
MDCCCXXXI.



THE
AMUSING COMPANION.

BENEVOLENCE URGED FROM THE MISERY OF
SOLITUDE.

Carazan, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth. His origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labor of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase; Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated

hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it, by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, and was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had long been the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the centre of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry, and apparel to the naked, and his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of in-

numerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder. Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smoke; the Almighty, and the most Merciful, be everlasting honor! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandise and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold; the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my days of probation were past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away; nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and

chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

‘Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man; for thy own sake only, hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and vicious, where shall the sun diffuse its light, or the clouds distill their dew? where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasure with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and therefore, henceforth forever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.’ At the moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me! a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude and darkness! unutterable horror seized me

at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire.


‘O! that I had been doomed forever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt! there society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time.’ While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succor, and without society, farther and farther still, forever and ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel, to those from whom it is derived; for the society of one wretch whom in the pride of prosperity I would

have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

At this reflection upon his dream, Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were struck at once with the precept and example; and the Caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

COVETOUSNESS ITS OWN PUNISHMENT.

In the city of Mexico, as we are told by that famous and much to be depended on historian Father Giardino, there lived a certain gentleman, called Don Cavanilla Quignata Lorenzano, who had once followed the profession of a scrivener, but had now betaken himself to that honorable useful employment, the assisting of his fellow creatures with a portion of his own wealth at cent. per cent. interest, vulgarly denominated usury. This worshipful person in the fiftieth and fourth year of his age, entered into a contract of matrimony with the virtuous Donna Estifania Montenella, in the eight and thirtieth year of hers. To this transaction he was the rather induced, not more on account of the beauty of her person and the qualities of her mind, than because she was very rich, and as careful of her money as he was of his. Already had Lorenzano passed ten good years with his dame in the honorable state of holy matrimony, without however enjoying the comforts of a family of children; for the want of which blessing he comforted himself in public, by expressing his thankfulness to Providence for being thus freed of a multitude of cares, and in private by the thoughts of the great expense he was thus saved; for as the prudent Lorenzano hardly allowed himself the necessaries of life, wisely considering that his riches, great as they were, might make to them-



selves wings and fly away, you may judge whether he would have relished the expense attending the feeding, the clothing, and educating a numerous family. He was wise from observation; for his father disinherited his elder brother, because he was a thoughtless, gay, extravagant youth, and left his fortune to Lorenzано, whose dispositions were similar to his own. Of this he had many proofs; but one in particular determined him; for, when a favorite dog which was warmly attached to Lorenzано, having grown up with him from his infancy, had become too old to go abroad to find its food in the dung-hills or on the streets, he had shut it out of the house, and allowed it to die for want.

When Lorenzано had no occasion to go to market for the purpose of victuals, an expedition which he took perhaps twice a month, he seldom left the house. When he appeared in the street, the children used to run after him, and a mischievous little rogue would often pick an onion out of his pocket through the holes of his old cloak as he was travelling homeward loaded with vegetables.

His coat was so ancient, and had been so often patched, that few people in Mexico remembered its original color; the thrifty Donna Estifania had exerted her skill on it with such success, that it not only fortified her good man from the inclemency of the weather, but might have defended him from the effect of a bullet had it been aimed at him. Of similar or superior strength were a pair of jack

boots which he constantly wore; these by frequent accretions of contributory leather to the legs, and of tinplate nailed to the sole, became so strong, that they might well have served as buckets to the most frequented well in Mexico. But that he might not be quite borne down with the weight of his apparel, he uniformly carried in his right hand a thick nobbed stick, which not only served him for support, but as a defence against the noisy curs of the city which barked at him as he went along. At his left side he likewise wore a sword, which resembled as one egg does another, that of the renowned Sir Hudibras, as friend Butler describes it. Notwithstanding this miserable armour and sorry apparel, he never forgot to display the ensigns of an order of knighthood conferred on him by a late Viceroy of his Catholic Majesty, for certain services rendered to the revenues of the state of Mexico, or rather to the emoluments of the said Viceroy. Certainly the insignia of that celebrated order had never hung on the breast of a more miserable subject; but it convinced the people of Mexico, that a dung hill cannot receive lustre even from a diamond.

It happened one fine morning in the Spring, that Lorenzani set out for the fields in the neighborhood of the city to gather simples for a pectoral draught, more salutary than tea, to his consort; and to regale himself with a fresh salad, made luxurious by the thought that he should pay nothing for it. As he passed some magnificent country seats without the town, he observed be-

low a tree an Indian servant, whom sleep had overtaken, and beside whom lay a pair of delicate new boots, which attracted the eager gaze, and excited the covetous desire of our noble knight. He spoke and coughed aloud, and when he saw that the sleeper did not awake, he considered this as a charming opportunity to possess himself of a pair of new boots at no expense. He quickly disincumbered himself of his own old servants, which he laid down beside the Indian, and having made free with the new ones, he scampered off with as much celerity as if he had been running for a wager.

With what joy, when he got home, did he relate in secret to his spouse his successful trick, and with what rapture did he survey his well dressed feet.

'God knows, said he to himself, it was a lucky hour when I first thought of going out to gather simples.'

Next day he went to church, assisted with much devotion at a mass, and gave a few counterfeit maravedis in charity. But scarcely had he turned his back on the church, when he felt himself suddenly seized by the shoulder, and looking about, saw an Indian servant in the livery of the Viceroy, crying aloud, 'this is the thief, this is the thief.'

'What do you mean, rascal?' said Lorenzano, somewhat confidently.

'Sennor Caballero, replied the Indian, you have stolen these boots, which belong to the Viceroy. They are a present from the king of Quizzimoro,

who to pass the tedious hours, and to drive away melancholy, diverts himself with the making of boots. I will prove it, for the king stamps under the instep of all his boots his own mark, which is a golden sun.'

At this instant by chance there was passing an Alguazil, and Lorenzano was immediately carried before the judge; the boots were discovered to be his Majesty of Quizzimoro's own make, and to be the identical boots that were sent by him to the Viceroy. The bystanders, well acquainted with the covetous disposition of Lorenzano, rejoiced to hear him condemned to pay a fine of a thousand doubloons, with costs of suit. The Alguazil called a hackney coach, made Lorenzano enter it, mounted after him, and driving to his house received from the trembling hands of the petrified knight the whole money, gave him a discharge for it, and leaving his own old jack-boots, laughed in his face and bid him good morrow.

'Ah! merciful God cried Donna Estifania, tearing, like another Medusa, a handful of hair out of her head, what an infamous rogue have I for a husband! a thousand doubloons! I am ruined and undone.'

'God knows, said Lorenzano, with loud lamentation it was an unlucky hour when I first thought of going out to gather simples.'

With a look, furious as Othello's, he cast his eyes on the jack-boots which the Alguazil had left in the middle of the room, and springing up, he threw them both out of the window into the lake.

It happened that about this time two fishermen, his neighbors, who had spread their net in the morning, were now preparing to draw it, and finding an unusual weight in it, 'Neighbor, said one of them, God has been good to us this morning; the net is so heavy that it is impossible it can be with fish; who knows but we have found a treasure? some box of money or jewels, or something as valuable, is certainly in the net.' Accordingly they set to with all their might to haul the net on shore; but what was their grief when, instead of the treasure they had flattered themselves with finding, they saw only the monstrous jack-boots which had torn more than an hundred holes in their only net. Full of indignation at their misfortune, and chagrined at their disappointed hopes, they took up the boots and threw them in at the window of the disconsolate knight, as he sat ruminating on his late disaster. Unluckily one of them happened to strike upon a cabinet containing a magnificent service of porcelain, given to Lorenzani, in pawn for a large sum of money, which it brought to the ground with a hideous crash, and the whole contents were shivered to atoms.

'O these cursed jack-boots, cried Donna Estifania; would they and that old villain, who will bring me to a bit of bread, were both at the devil! God pity me, and forgive all my sins.'

'Alas! sobbed Lorenzani, miserable man that I am! how unlucky has been the hour that first led me out to gather simples.'

'Out of the house this instant', cried Estifania,

'with your vile boots, and let me never see an atom of them more.'

Lorenzano took up the unfortunate boots, and at night went into his garden, where by the light of a farthing candle which glimmered through an old broken lantern, he dug a hole, and committed his ill fated boots to the cold ground.

A neighbor of his, by trade a joiner, had once been employed in mending some old furniture for our honorable knight, but had been paid so scurvily for his labor, that he still bore the old man a grudge—This man happened to see Sennor Lorenzano so late at work in his garden, suspected that something unlawful was going on, and therefore he called his neighbors about him.

In the mean time Lorenzano had gone to another spot where without the knowledge of his lady wife, he had concealed a little casket with some jewels, to see if they were still safe, and he found them so. He sat himself down beside the casket, which he opened, and with such secret joy contemplated his hidden treasure, that he almost forgot his late misfortunes.

The following day the joiner awaited on a magistrate, and related to him what he and his neighbors had seen. It was immediately suspected that Lorenzano, had found a treasure; and as by the law of the country every valuable thing found under the earth belongs to his Catholic Majesty, a deputation was forthwith dispatched, headed by the joiner and a notary to the garden of Lorenzano, who soon dug up the casket with the jewels.

‘ You know, I presume, Sennor, said the notary, that all treasures in the bowels of the earth belong of right to our liege lord his Catholic Majesty; and that when they are found they must be delivered up to the council of state.’

‘ I know it well, said Lorenzано, trembling; but this casket is my own private property.’

‘ Your own private property!’

‘ Yes, upon my honest word it is.’

‘ Why would you bury it, then, said the notary, if it were your own private property? no, no, that is but a pretence. These jewels must have been deposited in the earth by some of the inhabitants at the time of the siege of the town by Cortez, and our valiant ancestors; it could not be you who buried them.’

‘ By the blessed virgin, said Lorenzано, they were wore by my own mother.’

Do not call the blessed virgin, said the notary, to palliate your crime, or to witness your imposition; she is better employed than to vouch for your falsehoods. I hereby seize and confiscate these jewels in the name of his Catholic Majesty and of the council of state.’

‘ Ah! wretch that I am!’ exclaimed Lorenzано. ‘ And to punish you, continued the notary, for having attempted to embezzle this treasure, by concealing it, I hereby further decree, that you immediately pay a fine of one thousand doubloons, together with the expenses of this deputation.’

It was in vain that Lorenzано protested and swore, and raved like one possessed; he was oblig-

ed to pay the money; and the casket with the jewels was carried off by the deputation in proper form.

When Donna Estifania was made acquainted with these proceedings she fell into fits, she seized a knife with which she was going to finish her own existence; but reflecting better upon the business, her rage took another turn, and she vented it on the unhappy Lorenzано with such effect, that he retained the marks of it in his flesh for many a day.

The poor wretch went out full of anguish into his garden, dug up his jack-boots, and threw them when it was night into the canal that run through his street. It is well known that canals run through all the streets of Mexico, which are furnished with grates in particular places.

In the morning, nobody in the neighborhood could get out of their house; for the monstrous jack-boots had planted themselves against the grate of that street, like a pair of dragons before an enchanted castle; and so prevented the water from passing, that the whole street was overflowed. The officers of the police immediately went to visit the grate, and finding the jack-boots of the unhappy Lorenzано choaking it up, they took them out and proceeded with them to his house. Sore from the bruises of yesterday, Lorenzано could hardly move from his bed; but upon hearing an alarm without he crawled to the window, and seeing the inundation, his fears gave him a true foreboding of what was to happen.

The waters were no sooner let off than a body of city officers approached his house, bearing the jack-boots like trophies on a long pole before them.

‘Ah! God pity me! cried Lorenzano, they are bringing back those damn’d boots that I last night threw into the kennel.’

‘Into the kennel did you throw them?’ said Estifania, with a voice not much calculated to sooth his sorrows, or allay his apprehensions; O thou stupid wretch! didst thou not know how strictly it is forbidden to throw any thing there. Certainly the boots have stopped up the grate and caused the overflow of the water. We are undone.’

‘It is as I feared,’ sighed Lorenzano. The officers entered the house, threw down the jack-boots, and led Lorenzano on before the judge.

Here he was accused of contempt of the law, by throwing his jack-boots into the canal, and of preventing the whole inhabitants of the street from going about their lawful occupations, by the inundation he had occasioned. He was fined in a thousand doubloons, and ordered to pay damages and expenses.

No sooner had he paid the money than he ran to his kitchen, made a fire upon the hearth, and threw in his jack-boots. ‘If the water will not keep you, said he, I will make fire finish you.’ The boots which had lain all night in the water, were so wet that they put out the fire when they were thrown into it. What, said he, do you defy even the flames? What witches and magicians

cannot resist, will you a pair of infernal jack-boots, think to escape? No, if you are salamanders, or asbestos itself, you shall burn. With these words, he brought all the dry wood he could find, and made such a fire, that at last the flames reached the roof, and set fire to the house. Immediately the cry of fire resounded through the city. Estifania fainted; and had not Lorenzано thrown a whole pitcher of water about her ears, she would probably have given up the ghost.

In the mean time, the fire was got under without doing any considerable damage; but Lorenzано for his carelessness, and the alarm, he had given to the city, was fined in another thousand doubloons, and to pay all expenses. He was obliged to submit and pay the money, and a sigh and a tear dropt on every piece as he counted it.

‘Since the unhappy day that I went to gather simples—’

‘Hold your tongue,’ cries Estifania, ‘vile wretch.’

‘For God’s sake, dear Fanna, replies the Knight, allow me to speak, or else my heart will burst with vexation. Since that unhappy botanical expedition, misfortunes have fallen thick upon me! those infernal boots—four thousand doubloons with costs, and a box of jewels! The boots of my whole family, since the expulsion of the Moors from Granada, never cost half the sum.’

‘I am the most miserable of all miserable women, cried Estifania! Little joy have I had in my married state; but I desire you once for all to take these hateful boots from my sight. Would to God

I had never seen either you or them, for they will bring me to beggary.'

'I have thrown them, says Lorenzano, into the kennel, into the fire, and have buried them in the earth. I shall try if all the elements are in league against me. I shall hang them out in the free air, that they may rot like a thief on the gallows.

He immediately went and secured them upon a nail on a wall of his house near the window of his own chamber; and when they had hung there several days, he congratulated himself on his invention, and he rejoiced that at last he got these cursed boots disposed of, that had wrought him so much vexation and distress.

In a short time, the boots were observed by the boys in the streets, who began to divert themselves by throwing stones at them, and happy was he who was lucky enough to hit them. The boys were often indeed chased away by Lorenzano, who did not relish their sport; but the boots were so excellent a mark, that they soon returned. One day as the Knight was sitting ruminating on his losses, an unlucky stone, that had been aimed at the boots, took a wrong direction, and entering the window, struck poor Lorenzano on the mouth, and drove out two of the few teeth he had remaining. Smarting with pain, and mad with resentment, he hastily armed himself with his knobbed stick, and ran into the street—but the boys more nimble than he, were soon out of his reach, and he was obliged to return into his house unrevenged. He concealed himself behind the door, however,

to be in readiness to bolt out upon the first attack made on his boots. Some other boys, who did not know of the accident which had just happened, soon began to take their accustomed diversion, when suddenly Lorenzano quitting his hiding place sallied out to the street, and blind with rage, mistook the object of his resentment, and unfortunately struck one of the Viceroy's pages, who was accidentally passing, such a blow on the head, that the blood gushed at once from his mouth and nostrils.

The boys run away, and Lorenzano, who saw his mistake, slunk back to his house trembling.

Estifania, who was looking out of the window when this unhappy *qui pro* que took place, grew instantly frantic, sunk into a chair, and fell into a fit. In a little time, a knocking was heard at the door, and Lorenzano judging rightly that it was an officer of justice who demanded admittance, had not courage to face him, but retreated for protection to the chamber of his wife.—Reader, you may have heard of the unhappy Orestes, who, when flying from the vengeance of his frantic mother found his retreat cut off, and the furies themselves obstructing his escape. But had Tisiphone or Megera, or their other sister, whose name I have forgot, been present in their proper persons, they could not have offered a more horrid sight to the view of the terrified Lorenzano than did the countenance of his own wife. I shall not attempt to describe the scene that followed, Lorenzano attended the officer to the presence of the judge, and

was upon a deliberate investigation of the whole affair, condemned to pay a fine of a thousand doubloons to the page for the injury he had sustained, and a thousand more as a satisfaction to the public for so flagrant breach of the peace.

Scarcely had he crawled home, and paid the money, than his ears were saluted with a dreadful uproar in the street; an hundred women's voices were discernible that struck the heart of our Knight with apprehension and dismay. Estifania approached the window, and saw a crowd gathered round a woman whom they were carrying into a house.—This was the wife of an eminent baker in the city, who was passing by the house of Lorenzано at the very moment when as ill luck would have it, the string that supported the eventful boots gave way, and down they came upon the head of this good lady, whom they brought along with them to the ground.

‘O the hunks, cried the woman! must he hang out his boots over the street to murder people as they pass along—poor Mrs Sesame, she was three weeks gone with child, heaven knows if she will get over it. If the old Jew is not well soused for this, there is neither law nor justice in Mexico.’

Lorenzано found to his cost, that there was no want of either; for he was fined in another thousand doubloons, and the money given to the baker for the injury done to his wife.

‘Was ever man so punished, said Lorenzано, for a pair of old boots! I beseech you, said he to the judge, for the love of God, to rid me of these ac-

cursed instruments of my ruin; they have made me now the poorest man in Mexico. I leave them with you, and implore you to keep them, and preserve me from utter destruction.

The judge consented, upon paying a certain sum for the trouble of the deposit; and those famous jack-boots are now to be seen among the curiosities of Mexico, hung up as a monument of the baneful effects of Covetousness and Dishonesty.

THE REWARD OF AVARICE.

Mons. Foscue, one of the farmers general of the province of Languedoc in France, had amassed a considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, and every other means however low, base, or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum; upon which, as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty, but fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination.—For that purpose he dug a kind of cave in his wine cellar, which he made so large and deep that he used to go down to it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which on shutting would fasten of itself. All at once Mons. Foscue was missing, diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method, which human imagination could suggest, was taken to find him, but all in vain.

In a short time after, his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild it, or make some alteration in it, the workman discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down

they found Mons. Foscué lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eat; and on searching farther, they found the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed that when Mons. Foscué went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him, and being out of the call of any person, he perished for the want of food. He had gnawed the flesh of both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and to the prejudice of the whole state.

THE PUBLIC SPIRITED COBLER.

There is a sort of enthusiasm in public spirits which renders it politically prudent in corrupt statesmen to discourage it; and yet there is something so great and so divine in this enthusiasm, that statesmen of a better turn, though they dare not encourage, yet cannot but admire it. We have a shining and surprising example of this in the cobbler of Messina, which happened in the last century, and is at once a proof that public spirit is the growth of every degree.

This cobbler was an honest man, and, I was going to say poor, but when I consider that he maintained his family, and was above dependence, I cannot prevail upon myself to make use of the expression. He was also a man of reflection; he saw the corruption, luxury, and oppression, the private frauds, the public robberies, the enormous violation of justice under which his country labored. He saw rapes unpunished, adulteries unreproved, barbarous murders either screened by church sanctuaries, or atoned for by money; in a word, he saw universal degeneracy of manners, partly from the want of power in the government to chastise offenders. In this situation he resolved to undertake the arduous task of reforming these disorders, and thought it both lawful and expedient to assume the authority of avenger of the innocent, and the terror of the guilty.

Full of this romantic resolution, he provided himself with a short gun, which he carried under his cloak; and equipped with a powder pouch on one thigh, and a bag of balls on the other, he sallied out in the evenings, and as proper opportunities offered, he dispatched such as he knew to be incorrigible offenders to that tribunal, where he was sensible they could not elude justice; and then returned home full of that satisfaction, which is the sole reward of public spirit. As there were in Messina a great number of these overgrown criminals, the cobbler in the space of a few weeks, did a great deal of execution. The sun never rose without discovering fresh marks of his justice; here lay an usurer who had ruined hundreds; there an unjust magistrate, who had the curse of thousands; in one corner a nobleman who had debauched his friend's wife; in another, a man of the same rank, who, through avarice and ambition, had prostituted his own; but as the bodies were always untouched, with all their ornaments about them, and very often with considerable sums in their pockets, it was visible they were not dispatched for the sake of money: and their numbers made it as evident that they did not fall victims to private revenge.

It is not in the power of words to describe the astonishment of the whole city; things came at last to such a pass, that not a rogue of any rank whatever durst walk the streets; complaint upon complaint was carried to the viceroy; and magistrates, guards, spies, and every other engine of power

were employed to no manner of purpose. At last, when no less than fifty of these examples had been made, the viceroy took a serious resolution of putting a stop to these mischiefs, by the only method that seemed capable of reaching the evil; he caused public proclamation to be made, that he would give the sum of two thousand crowns to any person who should discover the author or authors of these murders, promising at the same time the like reward, with an absolute indemnity, to the person who had done them, if he would discover himself; and as a pledge of his sincerity, he went to the cathedral, and took the sacrament, that he would punctually perform every tittle of his proclamation.

The cobbler having either satisfied his zeal of justice, or being now in a temper to secure his own safety, after having, in his own opinion, done so much service to the state, went directly to the palace and demanded an audience of the viceroy, to whom, upon his declaring that he had something of great importance to communicate, he was admitted alone. He began with putting his excellency in mind of his oath, who assured him he meant to keep it religiously. The cobbler then proceeded to the following harangue: 'I, Sir, have been alone that instrument of justice, who dispatched in so short a time so many criminals. In doing this, Sir, I have done no more than what was your duty to do. You, Sir, who in reality, are guilty of all the offences which these wretches committed, deserve the same chastisement, and had met it too, had I not respected the representative of my prince,

who, I know, is accountable to God alone.' He then entered into an exact detail of all the murders he had done, and the motives upon which he had proceeded. The viceroy, who was thoroughly convinced that he told him no more than the truth, repeated his assurances of safety, and thanked him very affectionately for the tenderness he had shewn him, adding, after all, he was ready to pay him the 2000 crowns.

Our cobbler returned the viceroy his compliments in his rough way; but told him, after what had passed, he believed it would be but prudent in him to make choice of some other city for his habitation, and that too in some corner of Italy not under the jurisdiction of his Catholic majesty. The viceroy thought his reasons had weight, and, therefore, after thanking him in the most gracious terms for supplying that power which the government wanted, he ordered a tartane to transport him, his family, effects, and 2000 crowns, to one of the ports in the territory of Genoa; where this extraordinary person passed the remainder of his days in ease and quiet, and the city of Messina felt, for a long time after, the good effects of his enthusiastic zeal for the public good, and for the first execution of justice, without respect to persons.

This story, however strange, is exactly true, and, as Philip of Macedon kept a page, who to moderate his ambition, and to put him in mind of his duty, as a prince, was wont to awake him in the morning with this salutation, 'Remember, Philip, that thou art a man;' so, I think, it would

be happy for the ministers, who are either entrusted by their masters, or acquire to themselves a boundless authority, supported by boundless influence; if they would write in a table-book, and from thence refresh their memories frequently with this sentence, 'What if the cobbler of Messina should revive?'

A REMARKABLE STORY OF THE AFFECTION OF TWO
BROTHERS.

IN the beginning of the sixteenth century the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa; a very great, rich and flourishing colony of that nation in the East Indies. There were no less than twelve hundred souls, mariners, merchants, passengers, priests, and friars on board one of these vessels. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous, they had doubled the southern extremity of the great continent of Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, and were shaping their course north east, to the great continent of India; when some gentlemen on board, who having studied geography and navigation (arts that reflect honor on the possessors) found in the latitude in which they were then sailing, a large ridge of rocks laid down in their sea charts. They had no sooner made this discovery, than they acquainted the captain of the ship with the affair, desiring him to communicate the same to the pilot; which request he immediately gratified, recommending him to lie by in the night, and slack sail by day, until they should be past the danger. It is a custom always among the Portuguese, absolutely to commit the sailing part, or the navigation of the vessel, to the pilot, who is answerable, with his head, for the safe conduct or carriage of the king's ships, or those belonging to private traders; and he is under no manner of di-

rection from the captain, who commands in every other respect.

The pilot being one of those self sufficient men, who think every hint given from others, in the way of their profession, as derogatory to their understanding, took it as an affront to be taught his art; and, instead of complying with the captain's request, actually crowded more sail than the vessel had carried before. They had not sailed many hours, but just about the dawn of day a terrible disaster befel them, which would have been prevented if they had laid by:—the ship struck upon a rock. I leave to the reader's imagination, what a scene of horror this dreadful accident must occasion among twelve hundred persons, all in the same inevitable danger, beholding, with fearful astonishment, that instantaneous death which now stared them in the face!

In this distress, the captain ordered the pinnacle to be launched; into which having tossed a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped himself, with nineteen others; who, with their swords, prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink. In this condition, they put off into the great Indian Ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water, but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them. After they had rowed four days, to and fro, in this miserable situation, the captain, who had been for some time sick and weak, died; this added, if possible, to their misery; for, as they now fell into confusion, every

one would govern, and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command them, whose orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This person proposed to the company to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man overboard; as their small stock of provision was so far spent, as not to be able, at a very short allowance, to sustain life above three days longer. They were now nineteen persons in all; in this number were a friar and carpenter, both of whom they would exempt, as the one was useful to absolve and comfort them in their last extremity, and the other to repair the pinnance, in case of a leak, or other accident. The same compliment they paid to their new captain, he being the odd man, and his life of much consequence. He refused this indulgence a great while, but, at last, they obliged him to acquiesce; so that there were four to die out of the sixteen remaining persons.

The three first, after having confessed, and received absolution, submitted to their fate. The fourth whom fortune condemned was a Portuguese gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes, besought him to let him die in his room; enforcing his arguments, by telling him, that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him; that as for himself, he was single, and his life of no great importance; he therefore conjured him to supply his

place. The elder brother astonished, and melting with this generosity, replied, 'That since Divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, especially a brother to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, persisting in his purpose, would take no denial; but, throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast, that the company could not disengage them. Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his children, and recommended his wife to his protection; and as he would inherit his estate to take care of their common sisters; but all he could say did not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill any breast susceptible of generous impressions, with pity.—At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other; he acquiesced and suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer soon got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, but being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with a cutlass; then dropping into the sea, he caught again hold with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow; thus dismembered of both hands, he made a shift, notwithstanding, to keep himself above water with his feet, and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards.

This moving spectacle so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out 'he is but one man, let us endeavor to save his life,' and

he was accordingly taken into the boat; where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances would permit. They rowed all that night, and next morning, when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man, they descried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique, in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony.--Thither they all safely arrived, where they remained, untill the next next ships from Lisbon passed by, and carried them to Goa; at which city Linschotten, a writer of good credit and esteem, assures us, that he himself saw them land, supped with the two brothers, that very night, beheld the younger with his stumps, and heard the story from both their mouths, as well as from the rest of the company.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise; to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with the music, who had passed

by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability, that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest,' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of the thick mist at the one end and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.'

Examine now,' said he, ' this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' ' I see a bridge,' said I, ' standing in the midst of the tide.' ' The bridge thou seest,' said he, ' is human life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisure survey of it, I found that it consisted of three score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: ' But tell me further,' said he, ' what thou discoverest on it.' ' I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, ' and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their num-

ber was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'what mean,' said I, 'those great flight of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies,

ravens, comorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle of the arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infect human life.'


I here fetched a deep sigh; 'Alas,' said I, 'man was surely made in vain ! how is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that run among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, laying down by the

sides of fountains or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats: but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sand on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eyes, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'show me now I beseech thee, the

secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found he had left me; I turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and camels upon the sides of it.

THE MONKEY'S TOOTH.

In the island of Ceylon, the natives formerly paid their adoration to the most fantastic deities; amongst others a magnificent temple was erected and daily sacrifices offered to the all powerful spirit supposed to reside in a monkey's tooth; on the continuance of any drought, or the prevalence of any epidemic disorder, the sacred tooth was still brought forth, and borne in solemn procession, and the return of rain and health was constantly attributed to its powerful interposition; but shortly after the Dutch had taken possession of the island, by one of those accidents against which no human prudence can guard, the hallowed tooth was mislaid, and baffled the most diligent search, both of the priests, its guardians, and the natives. This calamity occasioned a general mourning, and the negligent priests were decreed to suffer death; when a crafty Hollander who had seen the deity, produced to the natives a tooth entirely similar, which he assured them the god Whyang had presented to him in a dream. It was received with the most rapturous gratitude, and the Dutchman rewarded with goods to the value of 20,000l, with which he returned to his own country. He ever afterwards spoke of the deity with becoming veneration and gratitude, and his first toast each day after dinner, was constantly—
'the monkey's tooth.'



THE GOLDEN HEAD.

Soon after the burning of the stately palace of Whitehall, one Holmes, a tradesman, who lived in George-yard, the spot on which Great George street now stands, passing over the ruins stumbled on something which, attracting his curiosity, he minutely observed, and discovered to be a kind of distant resemblance of a bust, but as it was greatly defaced by the effects of the fire, he could draw no certain conclusion from it.

However, he carried it home, and having hammered off the drossy mass which adhered to it, his wife scoured it, and placed it as an ornament upon an old chest of drawers. As Goody Holmes, was particularly industrious in rubbing the bust, when ever she cleaned her furniture, it soon became so bright, that upon comparison it was found to be an exact likeness of the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey. One of Holmes' customers, by trade a founder, having been shown the bust, and conceiving it to be brass, agreed to purchase it by the weight, and carried it home.

When the founder, in the course of his business, had occasion to melt, the head was put amongst other metal; but as he discovered something very extraordinary in the ore, he carefully abstracted the brighter and more refined particles, and offering them to the inspection of a neighbor-

ing goldsmith, was transported with his pronouncing it to be the purest of gold.

He immediately disposed of his valuable purchase, relinquished trade, and commenced gentleman at large; but made not the least acknowledgement to Holmes, though once his intimate companion; so dead are some breasts to every sentiment of justice and gratitude. This circumstance is related on the testimony of one, whose father was a living witness of its authenticity.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE, OR BEAUTIFUL
APPARITION.

A young gentleman going down from London to the west of England to the house of a worthy gentleman, to whom he had the honor to be related; it happened the gentleman's house at that time was full, by reason of a kinswoman's wedding that had lately been kept there; he therefore told the young gentleman, that he was very glad to see him, and that he was very welcome to him; but, said he, I know not how I shall do for a lodging for you; for my cousin's marriage has not left a room free, but one, and that is haunted; you shall have a very good bed, and all other accommodations. Sir, replied the young gentleman, you will very much oblige me, in letting me be there, for I have often coveted to be in a place that was haunted. The gentleman, very glad that his kinsman was so well pleased with his accommodation, ordered the chamber to be got ready, and a good fire to be made in it, it being winter time. When bed time came, the young gentleman was conducted up into his chamber, which, beside a good fire, was furnished with all suitable accommodations; and having recommended himself to the divine protection, he goes to bed, where having kept some time awake, and finding no disturbance, he fell asleep; out of which he was waked, about three o'clock in the

morning, by the opening of the chamber door, and the coming in of something in the appearance of a young woman, having a nightdress on her head, and only her shift on; but he had no perfect view of her, for his candle was burnt out. And though there was a fire in the room, yet it gave not light enough to see her distinctly. But this unknown visitant going to the chimney, took the poker and stirred up the fire, by the flaming light whereof, he could discern the appearance of a young gentlewoman more distinctly; but whether it was flesh or blood, or an airy phantom, he knew not. This lovely appearance having stood some time before the fire; as if to warm her, at last walked two or three times about the room, and came to the bed side, where having stood a little while, she took up the bed clothes and went into bed, pulling the bedclothes upon her again, and lay very quietly. The young gentleman was a little startled at this unknown bedfellow, and upon her approach, lay on the further side of the bed, not knowing whether he had best rise or not. At last, lying very still, he perceived his bedfellow to breathe, by which, guessing her to be flesh and blood, he drew nearer to her, and, taking her by the hand, found it warm, and that it was no airy phantom, but substantial flesh and blood; and finding she had a ring on her finger, he took it off unperceived; the gentlewoman being all this while asleep, he let her lie without disturbing her, she flung off the bedclothes again, and getting up,

walked three or four times about the room, as she had done before: and then standing sometime before the door, opened it, went out; and shut it after her. The young gentleman, perceiving by this in what manner the room was haunted, rose up and locked the door on the inside, and then lay down again, and slept till morning; at which time the master of the house came to him to know how he did, and whether he had seen any thing or not? He told him, there was an apparition appeared to him, but begged the favor of him, that he would not urge him to say any thing further, till the whole family were all together. The gentleman complied with his request, telling him, as long as he was well, he was very well satisfied. The desire the whole family had to know the issue of this affair, made them dress with more expedition than usual; so that there was a general assembly of the gentlemen and ladies before eleven o'clock, not one of them being willing to appear in her dishabille. When they were all got together in the great hall, the young gentleman told them that he had one favor to desire of the ladies before he could say any thing, and that was, to know whether any of them had lost a ring? The young gentleman from whose finger it was taken, having missed it all the morning, and not knowing how she lost it, was glad to hear of it again, and readily owned she wanted a ring, but whether lost or mislaid, she knew not. The young gentleman asked her if that was it, giving it into her hand, which she acknowledged to be hers, and thanking her

he turned to the master of the house; 'Now, Sir,' said he, 'I can assure you,' taking the gentleman by the hand, 'this is the lovely spirit by which your chamber is haunted.' And thereupon repeated what is related. I want words to express the confusion the young gentlewoman seemed to be in at this relation, who declared herself perfectly ignorant of all that he had said; but believed it might beso, because of the ring, which she perfectly well remembered she had on when she went to bed, and knew not how she had lost it. This relation gave the whole company a great deal of diversion; for, after all, the father declared that since his daughter had already gone to bed to his kinsman it should be his fault if he did not go to bed to his daughter, he being willing to bestow her upon him, and give her a good portion. This generous offer was so advantageous to the young gentleman, that he could by no means refuse it; and his late bedfellow hearing what her father had said, was easily prevailed upon to accept him for her husband.

THE STRIKING FATE OF GUILT.

Three inhabitants of Balck traveled together. They found a treasure, and they divided it equally amongst them. They continued their journey, and entertained each other with their different schemes of employing the riches they had so suddenly acquired. The provisions they had along with them were consumed: They therefore agreed that one of them should go to a neighboring town and buy some, and that the youngest should execute the commission. He accordingly went.

As he was upon the road he said to himself, 'Now indeed I am rich; but I should have been richer, had I been alone when the treasure was found.—These two men carried off two thirds of my riches.—Cannot I fall upon a way of recovering them?—That I think may be very easy.—I have only to poison the provision which I am going to buy, and on my return to say that I have dined in town. My companions will eat without suspicion, and die. I have at present but one third of the treasure; I shall thus have the whole of it.'

In the mean time the other two travelers conferred together in these terms: 'We had little occasion for this young fellow's company at such a juncture.—We have been obliged to give him a share of the treasure. His part of it would have

increased ours, and we should have been truly rich.—He will be back to us soon.—We have good pognards.

The young man returned with his provisions. His companions assassinated him: They then eat, and died; and none of the three enjoyed the treasure.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodore, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized. In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world: for Alcander was born at Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, of being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without

making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physician judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love; and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander; the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome.

Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardor; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he

at last arrived at Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on he found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet he knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbor so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries a while in sleep; and found on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight, two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning

dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a further inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death; when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still further increased when they saw their judge start from their tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honora

of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve. *

THE IMPOSTORS.

Vulgar errors maintain their ground, because men have not spirit enough to detect them. It is common for us to praise or condemn against our own conviction; and to adopt idle opinions, lest we appear to have less taste and discernment than those who invent or propagate them. Imposture, however, has but its day, and perhaps it may be a long one; but it must give way at last, and truth will shine out with redoubled lustre.

Three sharpers, having found means to be introduced to a king, told him that they could weave a brocade of exquisite workmanship, and of so rare a property, that it would be invisible to any person who was either base-born, dishonoured by his wife, or had been guilty of any villainy. The king, desirous to possess so great a rarity, gave them a kind reception, and allotted them a palace to carry on the manufacture. He furnished them with money, gold, silver, silk, and all other materials. They fixed up their looms, and reported that they were employed all day upon the web. After some time, one of them waited upon the king, and acquainted him that the work was begun, and that the brocade would be the most beautiful in the world, as his majesty might be convinced, if he would condescend to come and see it alone. The king, to prove the reality of their pretensions, instead of going himself, sent his

chamberlain, but without dropping any hint of the danger of an imposition. The chamberlain went; but when the weavers told him the property of the brocade, he had not courage enough to say that he did not see it, but told the king that the work went on, and that the piece would be of unparalleled beauty. The king sent another nobleman who, from the same motive, made the same report. After that he sent many others, who all declared they had seen the piece. At length the king went himself, and upon his entrance, observed that all the weavers were diligently employed, and that their whole conversation turned upon the success of their work; one saying, 'Here is a noble foliage !' another, 'What a grand design !' a third, 'How beautiful is this color !' But as he could see nothing all this time except the loom, and as he could not suspect the report which had been brought him by so many courtiers without any variation, he was struck to the heart, and began to doubt the legitimacy of his own birth. However, he thought it most prudent to disguise his sentiments; and when he returned to court he began to express himself highly pleased with the goodness and beauty of this master piece of art. At the end of three days, he sent the steward of his household, who, that he might not lose his honor, praised the work even more extravagantly than the king had done. This redoubled the king's vexation; and he and all his courtiers remained in the utmost doubt and perplexity; no one daring to confess, that this famous piece was a non-entity to him.

In this state the affair continued, till upon occasion of a great festival, some courtiers pressed his majesty to have a robe made of this silk in honor of the day. When the weavers came to the presence chamber, and were acquainted with the king's purpose, they insisted that none could make up the brocade so well as themselves, pretended they had brought it with them curiously wrapped up, and busied themselves as if they were unfolding it. They also took measure of his majesty, handled their scissors, and practised all the motions of persons busy in cutting out. On the festival day they returned, pretended they had brought the robe, made as if they were trying it on, and at length told his majesty that it fitted and adorned him beyond imagination. The king, credulous and confounded, walked down stairs, mounted his horse, and began the solemn cavalcade, in which he was to show himself to his people; who having heard, that he who did not see the brocade must be a villain, a bastard, or cuckold, unanimously declared, that they saw it, and extolled the magnificence of it. At length a Moor, who belonged to the king's stables, could not help crying out, 'The king is in his shirt, the king is naked.' The ice was now broke. The next person to him said the same, and the confession of not seeing this imaginary brocade was soon made by every mouth; till at last the king himself, and all his courtiers, encouraged by the multitude, divested themselves of their fears, and ventured to own the deception. Upon this, orders were given to apprehend the sharpers; but

they had very wisely taken care of themselves, and made off with the money, gold, silver, silk, and other valuable materials, with which the king had supplied them. Thus many erroneous opinions prevail in the world, from the dread of incurring the censure of singularity, though that singularity should be ever so reasonable.

THE FATAL FROLIC.

During the hard frost, in the year 1740, four young gentlemen of considerable rank rode into an inn, near one of the principal avenues to the city of London, at eleven o'clock at night, without any attendant; and having expressed some concern about their horses, and overlooked the provision that was made for them, called for a room, ordering wine and tobacco to be brought in, and declaring, that as they were to set out very early in the morning, it was not worth while to go to bed. Before the waiter returned, each of them had laid a pocket pistol upon the table, which when he entered they appeared very solicitous to conceal, and affected some confusion at the surprise. They perceived with great satisfaction that the fellow was alarmed at his discovery; and having, upon various pretences, called him often into the room, one of them contrived to pull out a mask with his handkerchief, from the pocket of a horseman's coat. They discoursed in dark and ambiguous terms, affected a busy and anxious circumspection, urged the man often to drink, and seemed desirous to render him subservient to some purpose which they were unwilling to discover. They endeavored to conciliate his good will by extravagant commendations of his dexterity and diligence, and encouraged him to familiarity by asking him many questions. He was, however, still cautious and re-

served; one of them, therefore, pretending to have known his mother, put a crown into his hand, and soon after took an opportunity to ask him at what hour the stage coach set out in the morning, whether it was full, and if it was attended by a guard.

The waiter was now confirmed in his suspicions; and though he had accepted the bribe, resolved to discover the *sécret*. Having evaded the questions with as much art as he could, he went to his master, Mr Spiggot, who was then in bed, and acquainted him with what he had observed.

Mr Spiggot immediately got up, and held a consultation with his wife what was to be done. She advised him to send immediately for the constable, and secure them; but he considered, that as this would probably prevent a robbery, it would deprive him of an opportunity to gain a considerable sum, which he would become entitled to upon their conviction, if he could apprehend them after the fact; he therefore very prudently called up four of his hostlers that belonged to the yard, and having communicated his suspicions and design, engaged them to enlist under his command, as an escort to the coach, and to watch the motions of the highwaymen as he should direct. But mine host also wisely considering that this expedition would be attended with certain expense, and that the profit which he expected was somewhat doubtful, acquainted the passengers with their danger, and proposed that a guard should be hired by a voluntary contribution; a proposal to which (upon a sight of the robbers through the window) they readily agreed. Spig-

got was now secured against pecuniary loss, at all events. About three o'clock, the knights of the frolic, with infinite satisfaction, beheld five passengers, among whom there was but one gentleman, step into the coach with the aspect of criminals going to execution; and enjoyed the significant signs which passed between them and the landlord, concerning the precautions taken for their defence.

As soon as the coach was gone, the supposed highwaymen paid their reckoning in great haste, and called for their horses; care had already been taken to saddle them; for it was not Mr Spiggot's desire that the adventurers should go far before they executed their purpose; and as soon as they departed he prepared to follow them with his posse. He was indeed greatly surprised to see them turn the contrary way when they went out of the inn yard; but he supposed they might choose to make a small circle to prevent suspicion, as they might easily overtake the coach whenever they would; he determined, however, to keep behind them; and therefore, instead of going after the coach, followed them at a distance, till to his utter disappointment, he saw them persist in a different route, and at length turn into an inn in Picadilly, where several servants in livery appeared to have been waiting for them, and where his curiosity was soon gratified with their characters and names.

In the mean time, the coach proceeded on its journey. The panic of the passengers increased upon perceiving that the guard which they had hired did not come up; and they began to accuse

Spiggot, of having betrayed them to the robbers for a share of the booty; they could not help looking every moment from the window, though it was so dark that a wagon could not have been seen at the distance of twenty yards; every tree was mistaken for a man and horse, the noise of the vehicle in which they rode was believed to be the trampling of pursuers, and they expected every moment to hear the coachman commanded to stop, and to see a pistol thrust in among them, with the dreadful injunction, 'deliver your money.'

It happened that when the coach was got about two miles out of town, it was overtaken by a horseman who rode very hard, and called out with great eagerness to the driver to stop. The wife of the gentleman in the coach was so terrified, that she sunk down from her seat; and he was so much convinced of his danger, so touched at her distress, and so incensed against the ruffian who had produced it, that without uttering a word, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and seeing the man parley with the coachman, who had now stopped his horses, he shot him dead upon the spot.

The man, however who had thus fallen the victim of a frolic, was soon known to be the servant of a lady who had paid earnest for the vacant place in the stage; and, having been by some accident delayed till it was set out, had followed it in a hackney coach, and sent him before her to detain it till she came up.

The next day, while the bucks were entertaining a polite circle at White's with an account of

the farce they had played the night before, news arrived of the catastrophe. A sudden confusion covered every countenance; and they remained some time silent, looking upon each other, mutually accused, reproached and condemned.

THE ADVENTURES OF PEDRO AND CELESTINA.

Celestina, at seventeen, was the most admired beauty in Grenada. She was an orphan and heiress to an immense fortune, under the guardianship of an old and avaricious uncle, whose name was Alonzo, and who passed his days in counting ducats, and his nights in silencing serenades nocturnally addressed to Celestina. His design was to marry her for the sake of her great fortune, to his son, Henriquez, who had studied ten years in the university of Salamanca, and was now able to explain Cornelius Nepos tolerably well.

Almost all the cavaliers of Grenada were in love with Celestina. As they could only obtain a sight of her at mass, the church she frequented was filled with great numbers of the handsomest and most accomplished youths of the country.

One of the most distinguished among these was Don Pedro, a captain of cavalry, about twenty, not very rich, but one of the first families. Handsome, polite, and witty, he drew on himself the eyes of all the ladies of Grenada; though he himself paid attention to none but Celestina: while she, not insensible to his attachment, began, on her part, to take considerable notice of her admirer.

Two months passed away without the lovers daring to speak, though, nevertheless, they silently said a great deal. At the end of that time Don

Pedro found means of conveying a letter to his mistress; which informed her of what she knew before. The reserved Celestina had no sooner read this letter, than she ordered it to be sent back to Don Pedro; but she possessed an excellent memory, she retained every word, and was able to return a very punctual answer a whole week afterwards.

A correspondence was now opened between the two lovers. Don Pedro was desirous to be still more intimate. He had long solicited permission to converse with Celestina through her latices; such is the custom in Spain; where the windows are of much more use during the night than the day. They are the places of rendezvous. When the street is vacant and still, the lover wraps himself up in his cloak, and, taking his sword, invoking love and night to favor him, proceeds to some low latice, grated on the side next the street and secured on the inside by shutters.

He waits not long before the window opens, softly, and the charming maid appears. She asks, in a tremulous voice, if any one is there. Her lover, transported by her condescension, endeavors to dispel her fears: they talk in a whisper, and repeat the same thing a hundred times. The gratings cannot hinder their interchanging vows; though they may prevent their kisses. The lover curses the envious bars, while his mistress thanks them for their friendly interposition. Day, at length, approaches, and they must separate. They are an hour in taking leave; and part, at last, with-

out having said half the tender things they intended.

Celestina's lattice was on the ground floor, and opening into a narrow passage, where the houses were ill built, and only inhabited by the lower class of people. Don Pedro's old nurse happened to occupy a tenement directly opposite the window of Celestina. Pedro, therefore, repaired to his nurse. My good woman, said he, I have been much to blame to suffer you to live so long in this miserable habitation; but I am determined to make you amends by giving you an apartment in my own house. Come and reside in that, and leave me to dispose of this.

The honest woman could not refrain from tears: and for a long time, refused; but, at last, overcome by his solicitations, she consented to the exchange, with every expression of gratitude for the kindness of her benefactor.

Never did any monarch enter his palace with more satisfaction than Don Pedro took possession of the hovel of his nurse.

Early in the evening Celestina appeared at her lattice. She promised to repair thither every other day, and she kept her word. These delightful interviews served only to increase the flame of love; and, very soon the lovers' nights were passed in pleasing conversation, and their days in writing passionate epistles.

At length they both arrived in that intoxication of delight and anxiety which is the last period of the passion of love.

Just at this time Henriquez, the intended husband of Celestina, arrived from Salamanca; bringing with him a declaration of his passion in Latin, which had been written for him by the head of the college.

The lovers consulted each other on this event at the lattice; but in the mean time the old guardian had drawn up a contract of marriage, and a day was fixed on for the celebration of the nuptials of Celestina and Henriquez.

Every one must perceive that, under such circumstances, the only remedy was to fly to Portugal. This was determined on, and it was also settled that the two lovers, on arriving at Lisbon, should first marry, and afterwards have recourse to the law against the guardian.

Celestina was to carry with her a box of jewels which had been left her by her mother. These were very valuable, and would be sufficient to maintain the happy couple till the law-suit should be decided in their favor. No plan could ever be laid with more prudence.

Nothing was now wanting but to contrive how to effect this escape; and for this purpose, it was necessary to procure the key of the lattice. In this Celestina succeeded.

It was therefore resolved that the next night, at eleven, Don Pedro, after having ordered horses to wait without the city, should come and fetch Celestina; who should descend from the window into the arms of her lover; and immediately set off for Portugal.

Don Pedro spent the whole day in preparations for his departure. Celestina, on her part, was equally busy in getting ready the little box she was to take with her. She was very careful not to omit securing in it a very fine emerald, which had been given her by her lover.

Celestina and her box were ready by eight in the evening; and before ten, Don Pedro, who had already provided carriages on the road to Andalusia arrived at the appointed spot; his heart beating with perturbation and hope.

As he approached the place, he heard persons calling for help, and perceived two men attacked by five assassins, armed with swords and bludgeons. The brave Pedro forgot his own affairs to defend the lives of the assaulted. He wounded two, and put the other three assassins to flight.

What was his surprise, on more attentively considering those he had delivered, to perceive they were no other than Henriquez and Celestina's guardian, Alonzo! Some desperate young cavalier of the city, who was in love with Celestina, knowing it was intended that Henriquez should espouse her, had hired bravoos, a species of rascal but too common in Spain, to assassinate them; had it not been for the valor of Don Pedro, the young scholar and the old miser would have found it no easy matter to have escaped with life.

Pedro did his utmost to avoid their grateful acknowledgements, but Henriquez, who piqued himself on having learned politeness in Salamanca, swore he should not leave them that night. Pedro,

in despair, had already heard the clock strike eleven. Alas! he knew not the mischief that had happened.

One of the bravoes whom he had put to flight, had passed, muffled up in his cloak, near the lattice of Celestina. The night was extremely dark, and the unfortunate fair, having opened the window, imagining him to be Don Pedro. She presented him the box with joyful impatience.

Take our diamonds, said she, while I descend.— At the word *diamonds*, the bravo suddenly stopped, took the box, without speaking a word, and, while Celestina was coming down from the window, fled with the utmost precipitation.

Imagine the surprise of Celestina, when she found herself alone, in the street, and saw nothing of whom she had supposed to be Don Pedro. She thought, at first, he had left her to avoid raising suspicion or alarm. She, therefore, hastily walked to a little distance, looked round on every side and called in a low voice. But no Pedro could she see; no lover could she hear.

She was now seized with the most alarming apprehensions. She knew not whether it was most advisable to return home, or endeavor to find the horse and attendants of Don Pedro, that were waiting out of town. She continued to walk forwards, in the utmost uncertainty and distress, till she had lost herself among the streets; while her fears were redoubled by darkness and silence.

At length she met a person, whom she asked if she were far from the gate of the city. The stran-

ger conducted her thither, but she found nobody waiting as she expected.

She dared not yet accuse her lover of deceiving her: still she hoped he was at no great distance. She therefore proceeded along the road, fearful at every bush, and calling Don Pedro at every step; but the farther she walked the more she was bewildered; for she had come out of the city on the side opposite the Portugal road.

In the mean time, Don Pedro found himself unable to get away from the grateful Henriquez and his father. They would not suffer him to leave them for a moment, but obliged him to enter the house with them, to which Pedro, fearful of betraying his intent, and frustrating his dearest hopes, and imagining too that Celestina might be soon satisfied why he thus delayed most reluctantly consented.

Alonzo hastens to the chamber of his ward to inform her of the danger he had just escaped. He calls, but receives no answer: enters her apartment, and finds the lattice open; his cries collected the servants, the alarm is immediately given, Celestina is missing.

Pedro, in despair, immediately offered to go in quest of her. Henriquez, thanking him for the concern he expressed, declared his resolution of accompanying him. Pedro suggested that the probability of finding her would be greater if they took different roads. Accordingly, he hastened to rejoin his domestics; and not doubting but Celestina had taken the road to Portugal, put his

horses on at full speed. But their swiftness only removed him farther from the object of his love; while Henriquez galloped towards the Alpuxarian mountains, the way Celestina had actually gone.

In the mean time Celestina continued to wander disconsolate, along the road that leads to the Alpuxares, seeking her lover. Anon she heard the clattering of approaching horses; and at first, imagined it might be her beloved Pedro; but, afterwards, fearful of discovery, the violence of travellers, or perhaps, robbers, she concealed herself, trembling behind some bushes.

Here she presently saw Henriquez passing, followed by a number of servants. Shuddering at the danger of being again in the power, and dreading a second time to submit to the redoubled tyranny of Alonzo, if she continued in the high road, she turned aside, and took refuge in a thick wood.

The Alpuxares are a chain of mountains which extend from Grenada to the Mediterranean. They are only inhabited by a few peasants. To these fear and terror conducted the unfortunate maiden. A dry and stony soil, with a few oak trees, thinly scattered, some torrents and echoing cataracts, and a number of wild goats, leaping from precipice to precipice, are the only objects which present themselves to the eyes of Celestina, as soon as the day begins to break. Exhausted, at length with weariness and vexation, her feet being torn by the rugged stones over which she had passed, she sat down under a rock, through the cliffs of which a limpid water gently oozed.

The silence of this grotto, the wildness of the landscape around, the hoarse and distant murmur of several cascades, and the noise of the water near her, falling drop by drop into the bason it had hollowed beneath, all conspired to convince Celestina she was alone in the midst of a desert, abandoned by her lover, who to her was the whole world.

She sat her herself down on the edge of this stream, to vent her grief in tears, reflecting on the miseries that seemed to threaten her; but, above all, her lost Don Pedro, whom, at moments she still flattered herself she should one day regain.

It certainly was not he, said she, whom I saw carry off my diamonds. I must have been mistaken. Yet, how was it possible that my heart should not have informed me of the truth! No doubt he is now far hence, seeking me with anxiety and distraction; while I, as far distant from him, here am perishing.

While mournfully thus she ruminated, she heard at the bottom of the grotto, the sound of the rustic flute.

Upon searching, she found a young goat-herd sitting at the foot of a willow, his eyes bedewed with his tears, and fixed on the water as it issued from its rocky source. In his hand he held a flageolet, and by his side lay a staff and a little parcel.

Shepherd, said Celestina, have pity on one abandoned, and shew me my way among these mountains, to some village, or habitation, where I may procure, though not repose, or least sustenance.

Alas! madam, replied the goat-herd, I wish it were in my power to conduct you to the village of Gadara, behind these rocks, but you will not ask me to return thither, when you are informed my mistress is this day to be married to my rival. I am going to leave these mountains, never to behold them more; and I carry nothing with me but my flute, a change of dress, which I have in this parcel, and the memory of the happiness I have lost.

This short account suggested a new project to Celestina.

My friend, said she to the goat-herd, you have no money, which you will certainly want, when you have left this country. I have a few pieces of gold; these I will divide with you, if you will let me have the dress you say is in your parcel.

The goat-herd accepted the offer. Celestina gave him a dozen ducats, and, having informed herself which was the road to Gadara, took her leave of the despairing lover, and returned into the grotto to put on her newly purchased disguise.

She came out habited in a vest of chamois skin, with a shepherd's wallet hanging by her side, and on her head a hat ornamented with ribbons. In this attire she appeared yet more beautiful than when adorned with brocades and jewels. She took the road to the village, and, stopping in the market-place, inquired of the peasants if they knew of any farmer who wanted a servant.

The inhabitants surrounded her, and surveyed the stranger with admiration. The girls express-

ed their surprise at the beauty of her flowing ringlets; her elegant form, her graceful manner, the brilliancy of her eyes, even though dejected, their superior intelligence and mild benignity, astonish and delight all beholders. No one could conceive from whence came this beautiful youth. One imagines him a person of high distinction in disguise; another, a prince, in love with some shepherdess; while the school-master, who was at the same time the poet of the village, declared it must be Apollo, sent down, a second time, to keep sheep among mortals.

Celestina, who assumed the name of Marcelio, was not long in want of a master. She was hired by an aged alcade of the village, esteemed one of the worthiest men in the whole province.

This honest countryman soon contracted the warmest friendship for Celestina. He scarcely suffered her to tend his flocks for a month before he gave her an employment within his house, in which the pretended Marcelio behaved with so much propriety and fidelity, that he was equally beloved by master and servants.

Before he had lived here half a year, the alcade, who was more than eighty, left the entire management of all he possessed to Marcelio: he even asked his opinion in all the causes that came before him, and never had any alcade decided with so much justice as he, from the time he permitted himself to be guided by the advice of Marcelio. Marcelio was beloved, and proposed as an example to all the village: his affability, his pleasing man-

her, and his good sense, gained every heart. See the excellent Marceliô, cried the mothers to their sons, he is continually with his master, he is perpetually employed in rendering his old age happy, and never neglects his duty, like you, to run after the shepherdesses.

Two years passed away in this manner. Celestina, whose thoughts were continually employed on her lover, had sent a shepherd, in whom she could confide, to Grenada, to procure information concerning Don Pedro, Alonzo, and Henriquez. The shepherd brought word back, that Alonzo was dead, Henriquez married, and that Pedro had not been seen or heard of for these last two years.

Celestina now lost all hopes of ever again beholding her lover, and, happy in being able to pass her days in that village, in the bosom of peace and friendship, had resolved to bid an eternal adieu to love, when the old alcade, her master, fell dangerously ill. Marcelio attended his last moments with all the affection of a son, and the good old man behaved to him like a grateful father; he died and left all he possessed to the faithful Marcelio. But his will was by no means a sufficient consolation to his heir.

The whole village mourned for the alcade, and, after his funeral rites had been celebrated with more sorrow than pomp, the inhabitants of the place assembled to chuse a successor. In Spain, certain villages have the right of nominating their own alcade, whose office it is to decide their differences, and take cognizances of greater crimes by

arresting and examining the offenders, and delivering them over to the superior judges, who generally confirm the sentence of those rustic magistrates; for good laws are generally perfectly consonant to simple reason.

The villagers, being met, agreed, with one voice, that no one could be so proper to succeed the late alcade as the youth whom he seemed to have designed for his successor. The old men, therefore, followed by their sons, came with all the usual ceremonies to offer Marcelio the white wand, the ensign of the vacant office. Celestina accepted it, and sensibly touched by such a proof of esteem and affection from these good people, resolved to consecrate to their happiness a life she had formerly dedicated to love.

While the new alcade is busied with the duties of her office, let us return to the unfortunate Don Pedro, whom we left galloping towards Portugal, and continually removing farther from her he so anxiously sought.

He arrived at Lisbon, without obtaining any intelligence of Celestina, and immediately returned by the same road, to research every place he had before in vain examined; again he returned to Lisbon, but without success.

After six months ineffectual inquiry, having assured himself that Celestina had never returned to Grenada, he imagined she might perhaps be at Seville, where he knew she had relations. Immediately he hastened to Seville, there he found the relations of Celestina had just embarked for Mexico.

Pedro no longer doubted but his mistress was gone with them, and directly went on board the last ship which remained to sail. He arrived at Mexico, where he found the relations, but, alas, no Celestina; they had heard nothing of her; he, therefore, returned to Spain. And now the ship is attacked by a violent storm, and cast on the coast of Grenada: himself, and a few of the passengers, save themselves by swimming; they land, and make their way to the mountains, to procure assistance, and by chance or love, are conducted to Gadara.

Don Pedro, and his unfortunate companions took refuge in the first inn, congratulating each other on the danger they had escaped. While they were discoursing on their adventures, one of the passengers began to quarrel with a soldier, concerning a box, which the passenger asserted belonged to him.

Don Pedro, desirous to put an end to the contention, obliged the passenger to declare what it contained, opening it at the same time to discover whether he spoke truth.

How great was his surprise to find in it the jewels of Celestina, and, among them, the very emerald he had given her. For a moment he stood motionless, examining attentively the casket; and fixing his eyes, sparkling with rage, on the claimant, How came you by these jewels? said he with a voice of terror.

What does it signify, replied the passenger, haughtily, how I came by them! it is sufficient that I am in possession of them.

He then endeavored to snatch the casket from Don Pedro; but he pushing him back, instantly drew his sword.

Wretch, said he, confess your crime, or you die this moment.

So saying he attacked him with great fury: his antagonist defended himself with equal bravery, but presently received a mortal wound and fell.

Don Pedro was immediately surrounded, and seized by the people of the house. They take him to prison, and the master of the inn sends his wife to fetch the clergyman of the parish that he may administer spiritual comfort to the dying man while he runs himself to the alcade, to carry the casket, and inform him of the whole adventure.

How great was the surprize, the joy, and the anxiety of Celestina, on perceiving her diamonds, and hearing the behaviour of the noble stranger.

She immediately hastened to the inn, the minister was already there, and the dying man, induced by his exhortations, declared in presence of the alcade, that, two years before, as he was one night passing through a street in Grenada, a lady had given him that box, through a lattice, telling him to hold it till she came down, but that he immediately set off with the jewels; for which theft he asked pardon of God, and the unknown lady whom he had injured.

Immediately after this confession, he expired, and Celestina ran to the prison.

How did her heart palpitate with expectation! she could no longer doubt but she should again

see Don Pedro, but she feared she should be known by him; she therefore pulled her hat over her eyes, wrapped herself up in her cloak, and, preceded by her clerk and the gaoler, entered the dungeon.

No sooner had she got to the bottom of the stairs than she perceived Don Pedro. Her joy almost deprived her of speech; she leaned against the wall, her head sunk on her shoulders, and the tears streamed down her cheeks. She wiped them away, stopped a moment to take breath, and endeavoring to speak with firmness, approached the prisoner.

Stranger, said she, disguising her voice, you have killed your companion.—What could induce you to so horrid an action?

These few words were all she could utter, and seating herself on a stone, she concealed her face with her hand.

Alcade, replied Don Pedro, I have committed no crime; it was an act of justice; but I beg for death. Death alone can end the continual miseries of which the wretch I have sacrificed to my revenge was the first cause. Condemn me; I wish not to make a defence. Deliver me from a life which is hateful to me, since I have lost what alone could render it delightful; since I can no longer hope to find——

He was unable to conclude, and his voice faintly expressed the name of Celestina.

Celestina trembled on hearing him pronounce her name. She could scarcely conceal her trans-

ports, but was ready to rise and throw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence, however, of so many witnesses, restrained her. She therefore turned away her eyes, and faintly requested to be left alone with the prisoner; she was obeyed.

Giving a free course to her tears, she advanced towards Don Pedro, and, offering him her hand, said to him in a most affectionate tone, Do you then still love her who lives for you alone?

At these words, at this voice, Pedro lifts his head, unable to believe his eyes. Oh, Heaven! is it—is it my Celestina! or is it some angelic being assuming her form? Yes, it is she. I can no longer doubt it, cried he, clasping her in his arms, and bathing her with his tears. It is my love, my life, and all my woes are ended.

No, said Celestina, as soon as she could recover speech, you are guilty of bloodshed, and I cannot free you from your fetters; but I will repair tomorrow to the superior judge, will inform him of the secret of my birth, relate to him our misfortunes, and, if he refuses me your liberty, I will return and end my days with you in this prison.

Marcelio immediately gave orders for the removal of Pedro from the subterraneous dungeon, to a less hideous place of security; took care that he should lack nothing, and afterwards returned home to prepare for his journey, the next day, when a most alarming event prevented his departure, and hastened the delivery of Don Pedro.

Some Algerine galleys, which had for several days pursued the ship on board of which Don Pe-

dro was, arrived on the coast some time after the shipwreck; and willing to repay themselves for the trouble they had taken, had determined to land during the night. Two renegadoes who knew the country, undertook to conduct the barbarians to the village of Gadara, and fulfilled their promise but too well.

About one in the morning, when labor enjoys repose, and villainy wakes to remorse, the dreadful cry of 'to arms,' was heard.

The Moors had landed, and were burning and slaughtering all before them. The darkness of the night, the groans of the dying, and the shrieks of the terrified inhabitants, filled every heart with consternation. The trembling wives caught their husbands in their arms; and the old men sought succor from their sons. In a moment the village was in flames, the light of which discovered the gory scymitars and white turbans of the Moors.

Those barbarians, the flambeau in one hand and the hatchet in the other, were breaking and burning the doors of the houses; and making their way through the smoking ruins, to seek for victims or for plunder, returned covered with blood, and loaded with booty.

Nothing is held sacred by those monsters. They force their way into the temples of the Most High; break their shrines, strip off the gold, and trample the holy relics under foot. Alas! what avail to priests their sacred character, to the aged their grey hairs, to youth its graces, or to infancy its innocence? Slavery, fire, devastation, and death, are every where, and pity is fled.

On the first alarm and tumult the alcade made all possible haste to the prison to inform Don Pedro of the danger. The brave Pedro demanded a sword for himself and a buckler for the alcade. He takes Celestina by the hand, and makes his way to the market place. There he addressed the fugitives.

‘My friends,’ cries he, ‘are ye Spaniards, and do ye fly and abandon your wives and children to the fury of the infidels?’

He stops them, collects them round him, inspires them with his own valor, and, more than human, for he is a lover and a hero, rushes, sabre in hand, on a party of the Moors, whom he breaks and disperses. The inhabitants recover their recollection and their courage, and enraged behold their slaughtered friends, and hasten in crowds to join their leader.

Pedro, without quitting Celestina, and ever solicitous to expose his life in her defence, attacks the barbarians, at the head of the brave Spaniards, and dealing destruction to all who make resistance, drives the fugitives before him, retakes the plunder and the prisoners, and only quits the pursuit of the enemy to return and extinguish the fires.

The day began to break, when a body of troops who had too late received information of the descent of the infidels, arrived from a neighboring town. The governor had put himself at their head, and found Don Pedro surrounded by women, children and old men; who, weeping, kissed his hands, with unfeigned gratitude for having preserved

their husbands, their fathers, or their sons.

The governor, informed of the exploits of Don Pedro, loaded him with praises and caresses; but Celestina, requesting to be heard, declared to the governor, in presence of the whole village, her sex; giving, at the same time, a relation of her adventures, the death of the bravo by Don Pedro, and the circumstances which rendered him excusable.

All the inhabitants, greatly affected with her story, fell at the feet of the governor, entreating pardon for the man to whom they were indebted for their preservation. The request was granted, and the happy Pedro, thus restored to his dear Celestina, embraced the governor, and blessed the good inhabitants. One of the old men then advanced. Brave stranger, said he, you are our deliverer, but you take from us our alcade; this loss, perhaps, outweighs your benefit. Double our blessings, instead of depriving us of our greatest; remain in this village; condescend to become our alcade, our master, our friend. Honor us so far as to permit nothing to abate our love for you. In a great city, the cowardly and wicked who maintain the same rank with yourself, will think themselves your equals; while here, every virtuous inhabitant will look on you as his father; next to the Deity himself, you will receive from us the highest honor; and, while life remains, on the anniversary of this day the fathers of our families will present their children before you, saying, behold the man who preserved the lives of your mothers.

Pedro was enchanted while he listened to the

old man. Yes, cried he, my children; yes my brethren, I will remain here. My life shall be devoted to Celestina, and to you. But my wife has considerable possessions in Granada. Our excellent governor will add his interest to ours, that we may recover them, and they shall be employed to rebuild the houses which have been burnt by the infidels. On this condition alone will I accept the office of alcade; and though I should expend in your service, both my riches and my life, I should still be your debtor; for it is you who have restored me my Celestina.

Imagine the transports of the good villagers while Don Pedro spoke. The governor was a person of great power, and undertook to arrange every thing to his wish; and two days afterwards the marriage was celebrated between Celestina and her lover.

Notwithstanding the late misfortunes nothing could exceed the joy of the inhabitants.

The two lovers long lived in unexampled felicity; and, happy and virtuous themselves, made the whole district happy and virtuous likewise.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF A MURDER.

A farmer on his return from the market, at Southam, in the county of Warwick, was murdered. A man went the next morning to his house, and inquired of the mistress if her husband came home the evening before; she replied no; and that she was under the utmost anxiety and terror on that account. 'Your terror,' added he; 'cannot equal mine; for last night, as I lay in my bed quite awake, the apparition of your husband appeared to me, shewed me several ghastly stabs in his body; told me he had been murdered by such a person, and his carcase thrown into such a marble pit.' The alarm was given, the pit searched, the body found, and the wounds answered the description of them. The man whom the ghost had accused, was apprehended and committed on a violent suspicion of murder. His trial came on at Warwick, before the lord chief justice Raymond, when the jury would have convicted, as rashly as the justice of peace had committed him, had not the judge checked them. He addressed himself to them in words to this purpose: 'I think, gentlemen, you seem inclined to lay more stress on the evidence of an apparition, than it will bear. I cannot say I give much credit to this kind of stories; but be that as it will, we have no right to follow our own private opinions here; we are now in a court of law, and must be determined according to

it; and I know not of any law now in being which will admit of the testimony of an apparition; nor yet if it did, doth the ghost appear to give evidence. Crier,' said he, 'call the ghost,' which was thrice done, but to no purpose, it appeared not. 'Gentlemen of the jury,' continued the judge, the prisoner at the bar, as you have heard by undeniable witnesses, is a man of the most unblemished character, nor hath it appeared in course of the examination, that there was any manner of quarrel or grudge between him and the party deceased. I do believe him to be perfectly innocent; and as there is no evidence against him either positive or circumstantial, he must be acquitted. But from many circumstances which have arose during the 'trial, I do strongly suspect that the gentleman who saw the apparition, was himself the murderer; in which case he might easily ascertain the pit, the stabs, &c. without any supernatural assistance; and, on suspicion, I shall think myself justified in committing him to close custody, till the matter can be further inquired into.' This was immediately done, and a warrant granted for searching his house, when such strong proofs of guilt appeared against him that he confessed the murder, for which he was executed.

REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE.

Mr. C——, assuming the name of Jones, some years since, purchased a small piece of land, and built on it a neat house on the edge of a common in Wiltshire. Here he long resided, unknowing, and almost unknown, by the neighbourhood. Various conjectures were formed respecting this solitary and singular stranger; at length a clergyman took some notice of him, and occasionally inviting him to his house, he found him possessed of intelligence and manners, which evidently indicated his origin to have been in the higher stations of life. Returning one day from a visit at this clergyman's he passed the house of a farmer, at the door of which was the daughter employed at the washing-tub. He looked at the girl a moment, and thus accosted her—'My girl, would you like to be married?' 'Sir!' exclaimed the girl—'I asked you, young woman, whether you would wish to be married: because if you would, I will marry you.' 'Lord, Sir! these are strange questions from a man I never saw in my life before.'

'Very likely,' replied Mr Jones, 'but however, I am serious, and will leave you till ten o'clock to-morrow to consider of it; I will then call on you again, and if I have your and your father's consent, we will be married the following day.'

He kept his appointment, and meeting with the father, he thus addressed him: 'Sir, I have seen your daughter; I should like her for a wife: and I am come to ask your consent.' 'This proposal,' answered the old man, 'is very extraordinary from a stranger: Pray, sir, who are you? and what are you?' 'Sir,' replied Mr J. 'you have a great right to ask these questions: my name is Jones; the new house on the edge of the common is mine, and if it be necessary, I can purchase your house and farm, and half the neighborhood.'

Another hour's conversation, brought all parties into one mind, and the friendly clergyman aforementioned united the happy pair. Three or four years they lived in this retirement, and were blessed with two children. Mr J. employed great part of his time in improving his wife's mind, but never disclosed his own origin. At length, upon taking a journey of pleasure with her, while remarking the beauties of the country, he noticed and named the different gentlemen's seats as they passed; and coming to a very magnificent one, 'This, my dear,' said he, 'is B——house, the seat of the earl of E. and if you please, we will go in and ask leave to look at it: it is an elegant house, and probably will amuse you.'

The nobleman who possessed this mansion was lately dead. He once had a nephew, who, in the gaieties of his youth, had incurred some debts, on account of which he had retired from fashionable

life on about 200l. per annum, and had not been heard of for some years. This nephew was the identical Mr. Jones, the hero of our story, who now took possession of the house, title, and estate, and is the present earl of E —— !!!

THE CRUEL OFFICER PUNISHED.

In the reign of Queen Anne, a soldier belonging to a marching regiment, which was quartered in the city of Worcester, was taken up for desertion; and being tried before a court martial was sentenced to be shot. The colonel being at that time in London, the command of the regiment descended in course to the major, a man of a most cruel and inhuman disposition. The day on which the deserter was to be executed being arrived, the regiment, as is usual on these occasions, was drawn out to see the execution.

It is the custom on these occasions for the several corporals to cast lots for this disagreeable office: and when every one expected to have seen the lots cast as usual, they were surprised to find that the major had given orders, that the prisoner should die by the hands of his own brother, who was only a private man in the same company; and when the cruel order arrived was taking his leave of his unhappy brother, and with tears fast flowing, that expressed the anguish of his soul, was hanging for the last time about his neck.

On his knees did the good fellow beg that he might not have a hand in his brother's death; and the poor prisoner, forgetting for a moment his petitions to heaven, begged to die by any hands but those of a brother. The unrelenting officer, however, could by no means be prevailed on to revoke

his cruel sentence, though intreated to do so by every inferior officer of the regiment, but on the contrary, he swore that he, and he only, should be the executioner, it was merely for example's sake, and to make justice appear more terrible. When much time had been wasted in fruitless endeavors to soften the rigor of this inhuman sentence, the prisoner prepares to die, and the brother to be the executioner.

The major strict to his maxims of cruelty, stands close to see that the piece was properly loaded, which being done he directs that the third motion of his cane shall be the signal of his discharge, and at the third motion receives (instead of the prisoner) the bullets through his own head.

The man had no sooner discharged his piece, than throwing it on the ground, he exclaimed as follows :—‘ He that can give no mercy, no mercy let him receive. Now I submit ! I had rather die this hour for his death, than live an hundred years and take away the life of my brother.’ No person seemed to be sorry for this unexpected piece of justice on the inhuman major, and the man being ordered into custody, many gentlemen present, who had been witnesses of the whole affair, joined to intreat the officers to defer the execution of the other brother till the queen's pleasure should be known. This request being complied with, the city chamber that very night drew up a very feeling and pathetic address to her majesty, setting forth the unparalleled cruelty and character of the de-

ceased officer, and humbly intreating her majesty's pardon for both the brothers.

The petition was granted, the brothers were pardoned and discharged from their service in the army, and the queen received from the city a most grateful address of thanks for her well timed mercy.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

A poor, idle, drunken weaver in Spitalfields had a faithful and laborious wife, who by her frugality and industry, had laid by her as much money as purchased her a ticket in a lottery. She had hid this vary privately in the bottom of a trunk, and had given her number to a friend and confidant, who had promised to keep the secret, and bring her news of the success. The poor adventurer chanced one day to go abroad, when her careless husband, suspecting she had saved some money searches every corner, till at length he finds this same ticket, which he immediately seizes, sells, and squanders away the money, without the wife suspecting any thing of the matter. A day or two afterwards, this friend, who was a woman, comes and brings her word that she had a prize of five hundred pounds. The poor creature, overjoyed, flies upstairs to her husband, who was then at work, and desires him to leave his loom for that evening, and come and drink with a friend of his and hers below. He received this cheerful invitation, as bad husbands sometimes do, and after a cross word, told her he would not come. His wife with tenderness renewed her importunity, and at length said to him, ' My love, I have within these few months, unknown to you, scraped together as much money as bought us a ticket in the lottery; and now here is Mrs Quick come to

tell me, that it is come up this morning a five hundred pound prize.' The husband replied immediately, ' You lie, you slut, you have no ticket, for I have sold it. The poor woman upon this fainted away in a fit, recovered, and immediately ran distracted. As she had no design to defraud her husband, but was willing only to participate in his good fortune, every one will naturally pity her, but think her husband's punishment but just.

AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE.

The following story is so extraordinary, that if I had not had it from good authority in the country where it happened, I should have considered it as the invention of some poet for the fable of a drama.

A Portuguese gentleman, whom I shall beg leave to describe no otherwise than by the name of Don Juan, was lately brought to trial for poisoning his half-sister by the same father, after she was with child by him. This gentleman had for some years before his trial led a very solitary life at his castle in the neighborhood of Montremos, a town on the road between Lisbon and Badajos, the frontier garrison of Spain. I was shewn his castle, as I passed through that dismal country, about a mile distant from the road, in a bottom surrounded with cork trees, and never saw a more melancholy habitation. The circumstances which made against this gentleman were so strong, and the story was in such general circulation in the neighborhood where he lived, that although he laid out the greatest part of a considerable income in acts of charity, nobody ever entered his gates to thank him for his bounty, or solicit relief, except one poor father of the Jeronymite convent in Montremos, who was his confessor, and acted as his almoner at discretion.

A charge of so black a nature, involving the crime of incest as well as murder, at length reached the ears of justice, and a commission was sent to Montremos, to make inquiry into the case. The supposed criminal made no attempt to escape, but readily attended the summons of the Commissioners. Upon the trial it came out, from the confusion of the prisoner, as well as from the deposition of witnesses, that Don Juan had lived from his infancy in the family of a rich merchant at Lisbon, who carried on a considerable trade and correspondence in the Brazils. Don Juan being allowed to take the merchant's name, it was generally supposed that he was his natural son, and a clandestine affair of love having been carried on between him and the merchant's daughter Josepha, who was an only child, she became pregnant; and a medicine being administered to her by the hands of Don Juan, she died in a few hours after, with all the symptoms of a person who had taken poison. The mother of the young lady survived her death but a few days, and the father threw himself into a convent of mendicants, making over, by deed of gift, the whole of his property to the supposed murderer.

In this account there seemed a strange obscurity of facts; for some made strongly to the crimination of Don Juan, and the last mentioned circumstance was of so contradictory a nature, as to throw the whole into perplexity; and therefore to compel the prisoner to a further elucidation of the

case, it was thought proper to interrogate him by torture.

Whilst this was preparing, Don Juan without betraying the least alarm at what was going forward, told his judges that it would save them and himself some trouble, if they would receive his confession upon certain points, to which he would truly speak, but beyond which all the tortures in the world could not force one syllable. He said he was not the son, as it was supposed, of the merchant with whom he lived, nor allied to the deceased Josepha any otherwise than by the tenderest ties of mutual affection, and a promise of marriage, which, however, he acknowledged he had not solemnized: That he was the son of a gentleman of considerable fortune in the Brazils, who left him an infant to the care of the merchant in question: That the merchant, for reasons best known to himself, chose to call him by his own name; and this being done in his infancy, he was taught to believe that he was an orphan youth, the son of a distant relation of the person who adopted him; he begged his judges therefore to observe, that he never understood Josepha to be his sister: That as to her being with child by him, he acknowledged it, and prayed God forgiveness for an offence, which it had been his intention to repair by marrying her: That with respect to the medicine, he certainly did give it her with his own hands, for that she was sick in consequence of her pregnancy, and being afraid of creating alarm or suspicion in her parents, had required him to

order certain drugs from an apothecary, as if for himself, which he accordingly did; and he verily believed they were faithfully mixed, inasmuch as he stood by the man whilst he prepared the medicine, and saw every ingredient separately put in.

The judges thereupon asked him, if he would take it on his conscience to say, that the lady did not die by poison? Don Juan, bursting in tears for the first time, answered, to his eternal sorrow, he knew that she died by poison.—Was that poison contained in the medicine she took?—It was.—Did he impute the crime of mixing the poison in the medicine to the apothecary, or did he take it on himself? Neither the apothecary nor himself were guilty.—Did the lady from a principle of shame (he was asked) commit the act of suicide, and infuse the poison without his knowledge?—He started into horror at the question, and took God to witness, that she was innocent of the deed.

The judges seemed confounded, and for a time abstained from any further interrogatories, debating the matter amongst themselves by whispers; when one of them observed to the prisoner, that according to his confession he had said she did die by poison, and yet by the answers he had now given, it should seem as if he meant to acquit every person on whom suspicions could possibly rest: there was however one interrogatory left, which he would put to him for form's sake only, before they proceeded to greater extremities, and that question involved the father or mother of the lady—Did he mean to impute the horrid

intention of murdering their child to the parents? —No, replied the prisoner in a firm tone of voice; I am certain no such intention ever entered the hearts of the unhappy parents, and I should be the worst of sinners, if I imputed it to them. The judges upon this declared with one voice, that he was trifling with the court, and gave orders for the rack; they would however for the last time demand of him if he knew who did poison Josepha? to which he answered without hesitation, that he did know, but that no torrures should force him to declare it, and they might dispose of him as they saw fit: he could not die in greater torture than he had lived.

They now took this peremptory recusant, and stripping him of his upper garments, laid him on the rack; a surgeon was called in, who kept his fingers on his pulse; and the executioners were directed to begin their tortures. They had given him one severe stretch by ligatures fixed to his extremities and passed over an axle, which was turned by a windlass: the strain upon his muscles and joints, by the action of this infernal engine, was dreadful, and Nature spoke her sufferings by a horrid crash in every limb; the sweat started in large drops upon his face and bosom; yet the man was firm amidst the agonies of the machine, not a groan escaped, and the fiend who was superintendant of the hellish work declared they might increase his tortures upon the next tug, for that his pulse had not varied a stroke, nor abated of strength in the smallest degree.

The tormentors had now began a second operation with more violence than the former, which their devilish ingenuity had contrived to vary, so as to extort acuter pains from the application of the engine, to parts that had not yet had their full share of first agony ; when suddenly a monk rushed into the chamber, and called out to the judges to desist from torturing that innocent man, and take the confession of the murderer from his own lips. Upon signal from the judges, the executioners let go the engine at once, and the joints snapped audibly into their sockets with the elasticity of a bow. Nature sunk under the revulsion, and Don Juan fainted on the rack. The monk immediately with a loud voice exclaimed, Inhuman wretches, delegates of hell, and agents of the devil, make ready your engine for the guilty, and take off your bloody hands from the innocent; for behold! (and so doing he threw back his cowl) behold the father and the murderer of Josepha!

The whole assembly started with astonishment; the judges stood aghast; and even the demons of torture rolled their eye-balls with horror and dismay.

If you are willing, says he to the judges, to receive my confession, whilst your tormentors are preparing their rack for the vilest criminal ever stretched upon it, hear me; if not, set your engine to work without further inquiry, and glut your appetites with human agonies, which once in your life you may now inflict with justice.

Proceed, said the senior judge.

That guiltless sufferer, who now lies insensible before my eyes, said the Monk, is the son of an excellent father, who was once my dearest friend; he was confided to my charge, being then an infant, and my friend followed his fortunes to our settlements in the Brazils: he resided there twenty years without visiting Portugal once in the time; he remitted to me many sums of money on his son's account. At this time a hellish thought arose in my mind, which the distress of my affairs and a passion for extravagance inspired, of converting the property of my charge to my own account. I imparted these suggestions to my unhappy wife, who is now at her account; let me do her the justice to confess she withstood them firmly for a time. Still fortune frowned upon me, and I was sinking in my credit every hour; ruin stared me in the face, and nothing stood between me and immediate disgrace but this infamous expedient.

At last persuasion, menaces, and the impending pressure of necessity conquered her virtue, and she acceded to the fraud. We agreed to adopt the infant as the orphan son of a distant relation of our own name. I maintained a correspondence with his father by letters pretended to be written by the son, and I supported my family in a splendid extravagance by the assignments I received from the Brazils. At length the father of Don Juan died, and by will bequeathed his fortune to me in failure of his son and heir. I had already advanced so far in guilt, that the tempta-

tion of this contingency met with no resistance in my mind; and determining upon removing this bar to my ambition, I proposed to my wife to secure the prize that fortune had hung within our reach, by the assassination of the heir. She revolted from the idea with horror, and for some time her thoughts remained in so disturbed a state, that I did not think it prudent to renew the attack. After some time, the agent of the deceased arrived in Lisbon from the Brazils, and as he was privy to my correspondence, it became necessary for me to discover to Don Juan who he was, and also what fortune he was entitled to. In this crisis, threatened with shame and detection on one hand, and tempted by avarice, pride, and the devil on the other, I won over my reluctant wife to a participation of my crime, and we mixed that dose with poison, which we believed was intended for Don Juan, but which in fact was destined for our only child.

She took it; Heaven discharged its vengeance on our heads, and we saw our daughter expire in agonies before our eyes, with the bitter aggravation of a double murder, for the child was alive within her. Are there words in language to express our lamentations? Are there tortures in the reach of even your invention to compare with those we felt? Wonderful were the struggles of nature in the heart of our expiring child; she bewailed us, she consoled, nay, she even forgave us. To Don Juan we made immediate confession of our guilt, and conjured him to inflict that punishment upon us

which justice demanded, and our crimes deserved. It was in this dreadful moment that our daughter with her last breath, by the most solemn adjurations, exacted and obtained a promise from Don Juan not to expose her parents to a public execution by disclosing what had passed. Alas! alas! we see too plainly how he kept his word: behold, he dies a martyr to honor! Your infernal tortures have destroyed him.'

No sooner had the monk pronounced these words in a loud and furious tone, than the wretched Don Juan drew a sigh; a second would have followed, but Heaven no longer could tolerate the agonies of innocence, and stopped his heart forever.

The monk had fixed his eyes upon him, ghastly with terror; and as he stretched out his mangled limbs at life's last gasp, 'Accursed monsters,' he exclaimed, 'may God requite his murder on your souls at the great day of judgment! His blood be on your heads, ye ministers of darkness! For me, if heavenly vengeance is not yet appeased by my contrition, in the midst of flames my aggrieved soul will find some consolation in the thought, that you partake its torments.'

Having uttered this in a voice scarce human, he plunged a knife to his heart, and, whilst his blood spouted on the pavement dropped dead upon the body of Don Juan, and expired without a groan.

THE GAMESTER.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1715, a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to bet at the tables for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time was possessed of a small fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed there to be fixed unalterably: it was determined therefore, to let him pursue his fortune, but previously take measures to prevent the pursuits being fatal.

Accordingly every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the

allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near, to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there was no expectation of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success; and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company, would set him sixty guineas upon it—the company were silent. He then demanded fifty—still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty—finding the company still without answering, he cried out, 'by G—d it shall never go for less,' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time, attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimneypiece.

The last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and sternness; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. 'But my dear Jemmy,' says his wife, 'perhaps you don't know

the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you.' This account seemed only to increase his agony; and looking angry at her, cried, 'There you lie, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me.' 'I beg your pardon, says she, I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so.' 'No, returned he, as sure as you and I are to be miserable here and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard table. 'What, all?' replied the lady. 'Yes, every farthing, returned he, 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay.' Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. 'When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, 'No, my dear, cried she, you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken; I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future.' Her prudence had the proper effect, he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

A WONDERFUL STORY.

Towards the latter end of Queen Anne's wars, Capt. John Beams, commander of the York merchant, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked all his lading; which consisted chiefly of coals, the sailors, who had been employed in the dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves; they had not been long in the water before a person on board spied a shark making towards them, and gave notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and all, except one man, reached the boat in safety: him the monster overtook, and griping him by the small of the back, soon cut him asunder and swallowed the lower part of his body: the remaining part was taken up and carried on board. The deceased had on board a dear and intimate friend, who no sooner saw the remaining part of the lifeless trunk of his much loved companion, than he vowed to make the devourer disgorge the other, or lose his life in the attempt; then plunged instantly into the sea: the shark beheld him, and made furiously towards him. Both were equally eager, the one of his prey, the other to revenge his friend's untimely death. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws, his adversary dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand, somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giv-

ing him repeated stabs in the belly: the enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself overmatched in his own element endeavored to disengage himself; sometimes plunging towards the bottom, sometimes rolling on the surface of the waves. The crew of several surrounding vessels beheld the unequal conflict, uncertain from which of the combatants the streams of bloods had flowed, till at length the shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore. The sailor, now flushed with the hope of victory, pushed his foe with redoubled ardor, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped open his bowels, and having united the severed carcase of his friend, laid both parts of the body in one hospitable grave.

HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

The Czar Ivan, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, in a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome with fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged; his appearance mean; and what ought to have excited the compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such inhuman treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation, to which he had not applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village.—The Emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door; a peasant opened it and asked him what he wanted.—‘I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger,’ answered the Czar. ‘Can you give me a lodging for one night?’ ‘Alas! said the peasant, taking him by the hand, ‘you will have but poor fare here; you are come at an unlucky time; my wife is in labor; her cries will not let you sleep; but come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold; and such as we have, you shall be welcome to.’—The peasant then made the Czar enter a little room full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a girl three years old,

was sleeping on a rug near the cradle; while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees, crying, and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plaints and groans were distinctly heard.—‘Stay here,’ said the peasant to the Emperor, ‘I will go and get something for your supper.’—He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs and honey.—‘You see all I can give you,’ said the peasant, ‘Partake of it with my children: I must go and assist my wife.’—‘Your charity, your hospitality,’ said the Czar, ‘must bring down blessings upon your house; I am sure God will reward your goodness.’—‘Pray to God my good friend,’ replied the peasant, ‘pray to God Almighty, that she may have a safe delivery; that is all I wish for.’—‘And is that all you wish to make you happy?’—‘Happy! judge for yourself—I have five fine children; a dear wife that loves me; a father and mother both in good health; and my labor is fully sufficient to support them all.’—‘Do your father and mother live with you?’—‘Certainly, they are in the next room with my wife.’ ‘But your cottage here is very small!’—‘It is large enough to hold us all.’—The good peasant went to his wife, who in an hour was happily delivered. Her husband in a transport of joy, brought the child to the Czar: ‘Look,’ said he, look, this is the sixth she has brought me! What a fine hearty child he is! May God preserve him as he has done my others!’ The Czar, sensibly affected by this scene, took the infant in his arms; ‘I know,’ said

he, 'from the physiognomy of this child, that he will be quite fortunate; he will arrive, I am certain, at great preferment.'—The peasant smiled at this prediction, and that instant the two eldest girls came to kiss their new-born brother, and their grandmother came also to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant, laying himself down upon his bed of straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a moment the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around and contemplated everything with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and their sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage—'What a happy calm! What delightful tranquillity!' said the Emperor. 'Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!'—In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of all the Russias spend the night! The peasant awoke at break of day, and his guest taking leave of him, said, 'I must return to Moscow, my friend: I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your kind treatment of me. I can prevail upon him to stand god-father to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at farthest.'—The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise; but in the good nature of his heart, he consented, however, to the stranger's request.

The Czar immediately took his leave—the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant therefore followed by his family, prepared to carry his child to church; but as he was leaving his cottage, he heard on a sudden, the trampling of horses, and the rattling of many coaches. He looked out and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and instantly called his family to come and see the Emperor go by. They all run out in a hurry, and stand before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line; and at last, the state coach of the Czar stopped, opposite the peasant's door. The guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach door was opened: the Czar alighted, and advancing to his host, thus addressed him: 'I promised you a god-father; I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to the church.'—The peasant stood like a statue; now looking at the Emperor with mingled emotions of astonishment and joy; now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned; and now turning to a crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger, who had laid all night with him upon straw. The Emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: 'Yesterday *you* performed the duties of humanity; today, *I* am come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sover-

eign, that of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honor, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy. But I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house that will enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-born child shall be my ward; for you may remember,' continued the Emperor, smiling, 'that I prophesied he would be fortunate.'—The good peasant could not speak; but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch the child, brought him to the Emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected; he took the child in his arms and carried him himself to the church; and after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's milk, he took him to his cottage, and ordered that he should be sent to him, as soon as he could be weaned.—The Czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favors upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

THE FOUR VIRTUOUS WOMEN.

Mahomet informs us that among men many have been found perfect; but among women only four. This is an incivility which is not even excusable in a prophet. He even mentions the four fortunate ladies: Asa, the wife of Pharaoh; Mary the daughter of Imran; Khadijah the daughter of Khowailed; and Fatima, the daughter of Mahomet. How it happened that the prophet felt such a partiality for the wife of Pharaoh, and of whom the world knows nothing, is a mystery not for us to penetrate. But there is good reason to know why he was so favorable to the other three perfect ladies; one was his nurse, one his wife, and the other his daughter! Should a wit offer the slightest raille-ry on this absurdity in Constantinople, he would there cease to be a wit, and would become a heretic. The opinions of men are not less distant from each other than their residence.

STRIKING EXAMPLE OF GENEROSITY.

In the war carried on by Lewis XII. of France, against the Venetians, the town of Brescia, being taken by a storm, and abandoned to the soldiers, suffered for seven days all the distresses of cruelty and avarice. No house escaped but that where Chevalier Bayard lodged. At his entrance the mistress, a woman of fine figure, fell at his feet, and deeply sobbing, 'O my lord, save my life, save the honor of my daughters.' 'Take courage madam (said the Chevalier) your life and their honor shall be secure while I have life.' The two young ladies, brought from their hiding place were presented to him; and the family thus reunited, bestowed their whole attention on their deliverer. A dangerous wound he had received, gave them an opportunity to express their zeal; they employed a notable surgeon, they attended him by turn day and night; and when he could bear to be amused, they entertained him with concerts of music. Upon the day fixed for his departure, the mother said to him, 'To your goodness, my lord, we owe our life, and to you all that we have belongs by right of war; but we hope, from your signal benevolence, that this slight tribute will content you,' placing upon the table an iron coffer full of money. 'What is the sum?' said the Chevalier. 'My lord, (answered she trembling) no more than 2500 ducats, all that we have;

but if more be necessary, we will try our friends. 'Madam, (said he) I never shall forget your kindness, more precious in my eyes than an hundred thousand ducats. Take back your money, and depend always on me.' 'My good lord, you kill me to refuse this small sum: take it only as a mark of your friendship to my family.'—'Well, (said he) since it will oblige you, I take the money; but give me the satisfaction of bidding adieu to your amiable daughters.' They came to him with looks of regard and affection; 'Ladies (said he) the impression you have made on my heart, will never wear out. What return to make, I know not, for men of my profession are seldom opulent: but here are 2500 ducats, of which the generosity of your mother has given me the disposal; accept them as a marriage present; and may your happiness in marriage be equal to your merit.' 'Flower of chivalry, (said the mother) may God reward you here and hereafter.'

THE HUMOROUS INTRUSION.

Mr Dyer, who was remarkable for facetiousness and drollery, happened one day to be alone at the Flask at Hampstead, in a venison time, when the cordwainers company kept their annual feast there. Dyer observed two glorious haunches roasting at the fire, and made it his business to learn who they were for. Being told for the Cordwainer's company, he determined to dine with them. He knew it was the custom upon those occasions for every member to bring his friend, and consequently that several, as well as himself, would be strangers to all but one in the company; and that questions are never asked, when once admittance is obtained and people are seated; he therefore watched his opportunity when dinner went up, and seated himself among the rest, as near as he could to one of the haunches, where he did not fail to play his part. He was very pleasant and cheerful, and those that sat next him were highly diverted; no exceptions were taken, and all passed off as he had imagined. After dinner when the bottle and song began to move briskly round, he sung in his turn, and was much applauded. But when the time came that he thought of departing, he shifted his seat, and placing himself next the door, he began a story. He had already drawn the attention of the company upon him by his uncommon humor: so,

upon the word story, all were silent. 'Gentlemen', said he, 'I am always pleased when I have an opportunity of remarking the flourishing condition of trade; I remember a wonderful operation for the better in this very company of yours within these forty years, and I think I can give you a remarkable instance of it. When I was a young fellow,' continued Dyer, gravely, 'I was but low in the world, myself; and I observed that the nearest way to wealth was through the road of frugality; and therefore I pitched upon a chop house, in Grubstreet, where I could dine for two pence. The mistress of the house was remarkably neat and civil, particularly to those who were her constant customers; and the room where we dined was, by means of a curtain, or more properly a blanket hung upon a rod, partitioned off into two divisions, the inner and the outer; the inner division the good woman kept for the better sort of folks, of which I had the honor to be accounted one, and the outer for the casual and ordinary sort. It happened one day, however, as I was drawing the blanket to go in as usual, the mistress of the house pulled me hastily by the coat, and whispered in my ear, 'You must not go in there today, Sir.' 'Why so?' said I in some heat. 'I beg your pardon, Sir,' said the woman; but indeed you can't be admitted.' What the devil's the matter, that I can't be admitted? said I, swagging. 'Why said the woman, with joy in her countenance, the master and wardens of the Cordwainer's company do me the honor to dine with

me to day, and I must keep my best parlor empty for their worships' reception! I thought it indeed but decent to give place to that worthy body, and so was pacified.' The company upon hearing this story, began to lay their heads together, to know who this gentleman was, which Dyer observing, took that opportunity to slip away.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

ge, some distance from town, there lived
le family, who had once occupied an
house, which, on account of the frequent
and disturbances they had heard and
therein, they were under the disagreea-
ty of leaving. Mr Goodwin, the owner
ad incessantly endeavored to let it, but
he report was too prevalent, and the
ame a sad burden on his hands; he had
rtised it, and, indeed, offered it at so low
at several were induced to try it. An old
ho had more than once buffeted all the
dangers of war, now begged permission to lodge in
it a few days upon trial, promising, if it were pos-
sible to inhabit it, that he would immediately take
a lease on the terms proposed.

Permission was readily granted for this essay
and this old follower of Mars, who deemed the
whole story but a mere empty report, determined
to sleep by himself that night in the house; for
which purpose, he left in the day time a loaded
pistol, and a broad sword, near the room which he
intended for his bed-chamber, and solaced himself
with the pleasing idea of having obtained a very
comfortable bargain; having now properly secured
the hall door, resolving that there should be neither
egress nor ingress, except to himself, he went to

take a sufficient quantity of stout beer, and prepare himself for the attack.

It was rather late before he returned, and he went to bed somewhat mellow, laughing at all the nonsense of ghosts, spirits, and hobgoblins. After a sleep of about two hours, a dreadful noise awoke him: he listened—and heard a foot ascending the stairs so plain, that he thought it expedient to run into the next room for his pistols; accordingly he armed himself with two, one in each hand, and now on the top of the stairs, he perceived a horrid figure, which undauntedly stood before him, apparently very furious, and nodding with seeming anger.

Our hero repeatedly inquired, who and what he was, whether dead or alive; but there was no answer; he then threatened to fire, which so evidently exasperated the figure, that he stamped several times with his foot against the ground, and made such a violent noise, that the very stair-case shook with it; the soldier presented and fired, but the figure did not seem at all dismayed; on the contrary, he smiled with disdain; finding this without effect, he now discharged the other, which, instead of intimidating his unknown antagonist, rendered him, if possible, more resolute and fierce; the soldier seemed somewhat surprised, and apprehended that it was neither flesh or blood, since his pistols had failed; however, not willing to remain longer defenceless, he hastened for his broad sword: the spirit pursued him, and ere he could enter the room where it was, gave him such a violent blow, as al-

most felled him to the ground; as soon as he had recovered himself, for he was very much stunned, he looked about him, but the figure had vanished. This event having taken place in the summer time, the sun afforded him an early opportunity of looking about; he went to bed again, with the sword in his hand, but being frequently interrupted with noises, he could sleep no more. Early in the morning he took leave of this haunted house, and began seriously to think on what had passed.

At breakfast, his friends were very eager to hear the strange occurrences of the night, for knowing the blunt character of this man, and his disbelief of ghosts, they could not doubt the veracity of all he said: he confessed there was something exceedingly strange in the business, and sufficient indeed to intimidate the most brave, but he was determined to make another attempt; he could not imagine that Heaven would allow the dead to hurt the living, and his face bore ample testimony of the severity of the blow. 'I forgot,' says he, 'at any rate to interrogate it, as I am told I should have done—I am therefore resolved, this night, to have further conviction, and satisfy myself if the figure be really, or not, supernatural.'

'This determination was deemed by all his friends exceedingly daring and dangerous, but the soldier would not be dissuaded from his design, as his honor, he thought, was too deeply concerned; besides, he could not bear the idea that an enemy, thus unknown, or, what was still worse, a mere shadow, should get the better of him. Another

essay was therefore looked upon as absolutely necessary.

The next night he provided himself with larger pistols, and abundance of ball and powder—he did not load till about the time he was going to bed—he left a chair against the door, thereby to prove whether the thing was supernatural, or not; if supernatural, he supposed it would enter, as ghosts are thought to do, through the key-hole, or, at least, without throwing down the chair. However, in the middle of the night, he heard the same knockings, the door opened, and down went the chair, which added not a little to the noise. Our hero rose, seized two pistols, and first questioning who he was, the figure which was evidently not the same he saw the preceding night, made no reply; he threatened to fire—

‘Forbear,’ cried the supposed spirit, ‘if you will be satisfied, follow me.’

‘I will,’ replied the soldier, ‘but observe this, if any danger awaits me, as you are my leader, it is at you therefore I shall discharge the contents of these.’

He followed him—the figure brought him downstairs to a private place underground, where, a clandestine door being opened, he was admitted into the presence of a gang of robbers; the soldier still defended himself with his pistols, vowing he would discharge them if his life was threatened, but the captain of the gang assured him he was safe.

‘I am the person,’ cried he, ‘who gave you the

blow last night; believe me, I should not have so resolutely stood your fire, had I not taken previous care to prevent your pistols (which you left here) from endangering my life; but you have been too prudent this time. We have long inhabited this place, and made it a practice to deter people from living in the house, that our stay might be long and uninterrupted; we take it by turns to haunt the house. Now, therefore, as we have been so far candid to you, ere you depart from this, you must swear not to divulge our secret within fourteen days, by which time, we shall provide some other habitation for ourselves, and give you quiet possession of this house.'

The soldier, without any hesitation, agree to this; upon which his health was drunk, and he became better acquainted with his new friends for notwithstanding their occupation, he thought there was some honor among them, it being their sworn rule to make depredations only, but never commit murder, if avoidable; this was certainly evident in their behaviour to him—for doubtless they could have destroyed him without fear of discovery, instead of which, they preferred rather making him their friend, and even giving up to him their convenient residence.

The next morning, the soldier's friends were very anxious to know his success: he amused them with a humorous fictitious tale that the spirit (which was a *spirited* one indeed) confessed, upon being interrogated three times, that he was uneasy, on account of some business he had omit-

ed doing before he had died, the performance of which would render him now happy, and he would rest for ever. 'I offered my services,' added the son of Mars—'Thank you,' cried he, 'you are a very good fellow;'—then he told me what it was, which being enjoined to keep secret, I cannot possibly reveal; in fourteen days time, however, I shall be able to accomplish it, and then, I flatter myself, I shall have quiet possession of my house at easy rent; in order to effect the latter, he went and made his bargain sure with the landlord. About the expiration of a fortnight, he went to his house, but first of all, paid a visit to the apartment that was under ground; he soon discovered the door—he opened it, but the tenants were gone; on the table, there was a letter for him, returning him hearty and sincere thanks for the honorable adherence he observed to his oath—as a requital for which, a bill for an hundred pounds was enclosed; this, thought the soldier, will be great help towards housekeeping.

His family came to congratulate him, among whom was an old and superstitious woman, who hoped he was perfectly convinced that there were such things as ghosts and apparitions.

'No,' cried our hero, 'I am not convinced yet.' They all wondered at his incredulity, but more so, when they heard the real story, and were admitted to the secret apartment, which was demonstration sufficient of its truth: herein they made merry, and drank a health to the new owner.

After a few months quiet possession, this happy

and uninterrupted tenant received the following brief, but pleasing note from one of his predecessors:

‘ Sir,

In the hurry and confusion of our leaving those under apartments, which we occupied in your house, either without permission or the knowledge of the owner, we omitted taking away a small box that contains some bags of gold; you are certainly entitled to the same for having so honorably kept your word, which you may find under a stone that is marked B G. 111.

Yours, &c.’

Our surprised hero immediately examined the place that was referred to, where he found the box as described, containing three bags, with fifty guineas each; thus, by courage and perseverance, he obtained a dwelling on moderate terms, and a sufficiency to pay his rent for several succeeding quarters.

DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

I labor under a species of distress, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear. But I will give you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar school, and from thence to the University, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I begin now to fear can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing, made me avoid society, and I became en-

amored of a college life: particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct: I therefore had resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son: and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy, by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir of all his property. And now, behold me at the age of

twenty five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighborhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families, (especially by those who have marriageable daughters,) from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept of their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's at Friendly-hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I

have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches *grown gentlemen to dance*; and though I at first found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice: As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality. Impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw: at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly: but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding

could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with

joy perceived that the bell, which at the first so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall, and suit of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked for accident, rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling cauldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amid the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, 'where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.'

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony, my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment or my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of Sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness; but O! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to make me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth almost flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief which was still

wet from the consequence of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh, while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a 'goblin damned.' The half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbors know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself yours, &c.

PARENTAL AND FILIAL AFFECTION.

In Admiral Watson's ship, at the siege of Chandergore, Captain Speke and his son, a youth of sixteen, were both wounded by the same shot. The Captain, whose leg was hanging by the skin, said to the Admiral, 'Indeed, Sir, this was a cruel shot, to knock down both father and son.' Mr. Watson's heart was too full for a reply; he only ordered both to be carried down to the surgeon. The captain, who was first brought down, told Mr Ives the surgeon, how dangerously his Billy had been wounded. Presently after the brave youth appeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears, not for himself, but for his father. Upon Mr Ives assuring him that his father's wound was not dangerous, he became calm, but refused to be touched, till his father's wound was first dressed. Then pointing to a fellow sufferer, 'Pray, Sir, dress also that poor man who is groaning so sadly beside me.' Mr Ives told him that the man had been already taken care of, and begged that he now might have the liberty to examine his wound. He submitted, and calmly said, 'Sir, I fear you must amputate above the joint.' The surgeon replied, 'My dear, I must.' He clasped his hands together, and lifting up his eyes towards heaven, he offered up the following short, but earnest petition: 'Good God! do thou enable

me to behave in my present circumstances, worthy of my father.' He then said he was all submission. The operation was performed above the joint of the knee; and during the whole time, the intrepid youth never spoke a word, nor uttered a groan that could be heard at the distance of a yard. It is easier to imagine, than to express the feelings of the father at this time: but whatever he felt, tears were the only expression. Both of them were carried to Calcutta: the father was lodged in the house of his brother-in-law; and the son was placed with the surgeon in the hospital. For the first week, comfort was given to them both by carrying good tidings of one another. But, alas! all the good symptoms that had attended the young man, began to disappear. The Captain perceived all in the surgeon's countenance; and so very unwilling was he to add to the distress of the latter, as seldom to speak about his son. One time he said, 'How long, my friend, do you think my Billy may remain in a state of uncertainty?' Mr Ives replied, 'If he survives the fifteenth day after the operation, there would be strong hopes of his recovery.' On the thirteenth he died; and on the sixteenth the captain said, with great energy, 'Well, Ives, how fares it with my boy?' Discovering the truth from Mr Ives's silence, he cried bitterly, and begged to be left alone for half an hour. When Mr Ives returned, he appeared, as he ever after did, perfectly calm and serene. The excellent youth had been delirious the evening before his death; and at two o'clock in the morn-

ing, he sent the surgeon a note written with a pencil, of which the following is a copy: 'Mr Ives will consider the disorder a son must be in when he is dying, and is yet in doubt about his father. If Mr Ives is not too busy to honor this note, which nothing but the greatest uneasiness could draw from me, the boy waits an answer.' Mr Ives immediately repaired to him; and he had still sense enough to know him. He then said, 'And is he dead?' 'Who, my dear?' 'My father, Sir.' 'No, my love; nor is he in any danger, he is almost well.' 'I thank God: I am now satisfied, and am ready to die. He had a locked jaw, and was in great pain, but Mr Ives understood every word he uttered. He begged his pardon for having disturbed him at so early an hour; and before the day was ended, he surrendered a life that merited much.

THE GENEROSITY OF A LORD CHANCELLOR.

A living of five hundred pounds per annum falling into the gift of a late Lord Chancellor, of England the Premier recommended one of his friends as deserving it, whom his lordship approved. In the interim, the curate, who had served the late incumbent many years, for thirty pounds per annum, came up with a petition signed by many of the inhabitants, testifying his good behaviour, and setting forth that he had a wife and seven children to maintain, and begging his lordship would stand his friend, that he might be continued in the curacy; and in consideration of his large family, if he could prevail with the next incumbent to add ten pounds a year he should for ever pray for him. His lordship promised to use his utmost endeavors to serve him. The reverend gentleman for whom the living was designed, soon after going to pay his respects to his lordship, my lord told him the affair of the curate, with this difference only, that he should allow him sixty pounds a year instead of thirty. The parson in some confusion replied, that he was very sorry he had promised the curacy to another, and could not go back from his word. How! said his lordship, have you promised the curacy before you were possessed of the living? Well, to keep your word with your friend, I will give him the curacy, but the living I assure

you I will give to another; and having so said, left him. The next day the poor curate coming to know his destiny, his lordship told him, that he used his endeavors to serve him as to the curacy but with no success, the reverend gentleman having disposed of it before. The curate, with a deep sigh, thanked his lordship for his goodness, and was going to withdraw; when my lord calling him back, said with a smile, 'Well, my friend, it is true I have it not in my power to give you the curacy, but if you will accept the living it is at your service. It is not in the power of words to describe the curate's surprize and joy at this sudden turn in his favor, who, with the most moving expressions of gratitude, returned his lordship thanks, whose goodness had in a moment raised him and his family from the most necessitous condition to ease and affluence: and my lord to complete his generosity, ordered his clerk to make out the diploma without taking their customary fees.

ODD WAY OF BARGAINING FOR A WIFE.

Mercator, who went originally from London, acquired a fortune in the island of Jamaica; he concluded with himself he could not be happy in the enjoyment of it, unless he shared it with a woman of merit; none of his acquaintance in the female line suited his inclination; he therefore determined to write for one to his correspondent in London, through whose means he had obtained his fortune and consequence. As he had been so much versed in mercantile matters, the style of writing usual in that way of business still adhered to him. Therefore treating of love as he did of business, after giving his correspondent many commissions, he reserved the following for the last, viz.

‘ Seeing that I have taken a resolution to marry, and that I do not find a suitable match for me here, do not fail to send me by next ship bound hither, a young woman of the qualification and form following: as for a portion, I demand none; let her be of an honest family, between 20 and 25 years of age, of a middle stature, and well proportioned; her face agreeable, her temper mild, her character blameless, her health good, and her constitution strong enough to bear the change of the climate, that there may be no occasion to look out for a second through lack of the first, soon after she

THE ITALIAN PAIR: OR, FORCE OF AFFECTION.

A gentleman who is very happy in a beautiful friend, and is a kind of enthusiast for the married state, told me the following story of an Italian pair, who were famous for their unalterable constancy and affection. There lived at Genoa a young nobleman named Marini, who had a large estate in the island of Corsica, whither he went every five or six years to regulate his affairs. At the age of five and twenty he was married to a beautiful lady, the daughter of a Venetian senator, named Monimia, who had refused the greatest matches in Italy, to prefer the fortunate Marini. As their marriage was founded upon a mutual esteem, their passion increased instead of diminishing by enjoyment, till they became an example of conjugal duty to all who knew them. They had lived many years in this uninterrupted state of felicity, when Marini was obliged to make a voyage to Corsica, which was then disturbed by a rebellious insurrection, in order to secure his patrimony, by encouraging his dependants to stand firm in the defence of their country. But the greatest affliction, and which absorbed all the rest, was his being necessitated to part for a while from Monimia, who, being then far advanced in a state of pregnancy, was unable to go with him as usual. When the fatal time of separation was come, they embraced with the ut-

most grief, and the warmest prayers to Heaven for one another's safety. As soon as this afflicting scene was over, Marini embarked, and having a fair wind, arrived safe at Bastia in a few hours. The success of the rebels being stopped, and the affairs of the island a little settled again, our lover began to prepare for his return to Genoa; but as he was walking one day by the harbor where the ships of burden lay, he heard two sailors, who were just arrived, talking of the death of a Genoese nobleman's wife then absent from the republic. This casual circumstance greatly alarmed him, and excited his curiosity to listen farther to their conversation, when, after a little pause, he heard one of them mention the name of his dear Monimia. At these words, his surprize and affliction were so great, that he had not power to follow the mariners to satisfy his doubt, but instantly swooned away, and when he recovered, found himself surrounded by his own servants lamenting over him. At the same time that this happened to Marini, something of the same nature equally distressed Monimia; for an imperfect account came to Genoa by the captain of a Venetian vessel, that a gentleman named Marini had been surprised near Bastia by a remaining party of rebels, and that he and all his attendants were killed by them. These two accounts involved our unfortunate pair in the greatest distress; they immediately took shipping in order to be convinced of what they so much dreaded to know; the one for Corsica, the other for Genoa. They were both sailed, when a vio-

lent storm arose, which drove their vessels upon a little island in the Mediterranean. Marini's ship landed first, where while the rest of the crew were refreshing themselves, the inconsolable widower, as he thought himself, wandered with one servant only, into a little wood that was near the sea-shore, to give vent to his immoderate grief. Soon after, the Genoese ship landed too, and the same motive led Monimia with one of her maids to the wood where her husband was lamenting his unfortunate condition. They had not been long there, before they heard each other's complaint, and drew nearer mutually to see if there were any wretch living equally miserable with themselves. But how great was the astonishment of both, when they met in a little path and saw each other! the immoderate joy was such, and the transition from one extreme to the other so instantaneous, that all the power they had was to fall into each other's arms, where they expired in a few minutes after. Their bodies were conveyed to Italy, and were interred with all the solemnity and magnificence due to their quality and eminent virtues.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF MONTAGU.

The late Duke of Montagu, who resided in St James' Park, frequently observed a middle aged man in something like a military dress, of which the lace was much tarnished, and the cloth worn thread-bare; who always appeared at a certain hour in the mall. His countenance was grave and solemn; and he took no notice of the gay crowd that was passing by him.

The Duke singled him out as a fit object for a frolic. He began to exercise his mirth by inquiring into his history; he soon learned that he was a reduced officer upon half pay; that he had behaved with great bravery in the late war; that he had a wife and several children, whom he was obliged to send into Yorkshire where they could live cheap; and that he had received a small pittance of his income to keep himself near the metropolis, where alone he could hope to obtain a more advantageous situation.

The Duke took an opportunity when the captain was sitting alone upon one of the benches, buried in speculation, to send his gentleman to him with compliments and an invitation to dinner the next day. The Duke placed himself at a convenient distance, saw his messenger approach without being perceived, and begin to speak without being heard; he saw his intended guest start at the mes-

sage, and question its authenticity. The captain was at length persuaded of its reality, though very much surprised at its singularity. He returned thanks for the honor intended him, and said he would wait upon his grace at the time appointed.

He came, the Duke received him with great civility, took him aside, and with an air of secrecy informed him, that he was induced to give him this invitation at the particular request of a lady who had a most tender regard for him. The captain was confounded, and seemed as if he did not know whether to receive it as an affront or a compliment. The Duke assured him upon his honor, that he had told him nothing but the strictest truth.

Dinner was announced. The captain entered the room with great curiosity and wonder, which was not diminished, when he saw at the table his own wife and children. The Duke began his frolic by sending for them out of Yorkshire; which as much astonished the wife as the husband; and took care she should have no opportunity of sending him a letter. This sudden and unexpected meeting, produced very pleasing effects: it afforded the Duke much satisfaction; but it was with difficulty he got his guests quietly seated at table. Soon after dinner, word was brought that the Duke's solicitor attended. He was introduced, and pulled out a deed for the Duke to sign. He was desired to read it, and apologized to the company for the interruption. The captain and his wife were still more astonished if possible, when they found the

writings contained a settlement of 200l. per annum upon them and their family. The instrument was executed, and the Duke presented it to the captain, saying, 'Sir, I beg your acceptance of this. I assure you it is the last thing I would have done, could I have laid out my money more to my satisfaction.'

DROLL MISTAKE.

A careful old gentleman came to town in order to marry his son, and was recommended to a twenty thousand pounder. He accordingly put on his best wig, best beaver, and goldbuttoned coat, and went to pay his respects to the lady's mother. He told her, that he had not the pleasure of being known to her; but as his son's quiet depended on it he had taken the liberty of waiting on her. In short, he immediately broke the matter to her, and informed her that his boy had seen her daughter at church, and was violently in love with her, concluding that he would do very handsomely for the lad, and would make it worth her while to have him. The old lady thanked him for the honor he intended her family; but she supposed, to be sure as he appeared to be a prudent and sensible gentleman, he would expect a fortune answerable. 'Say nothing of that, say nothing of that,' interrupted the Don: 'I have heard—but if it was less, it should not break any squares between us.'—'Pray, Sir, how much does the world say?' replied the lady. 'Why, madam, I suppose she has not less than twenty thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir,' said the old lady very gravely.—'Well, Madam, I suppose then it may be nineteen, or—or—only eighteen thousand pounds.'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Well, well, perhaps not: but—if it were

only seventeen thousand.'—'No, Sir.'—'Or sixteen.'—'No.'—'Or (we must make allowances) perhaps but fifteen thousand.'—'Not so much, Sir.' Here ensued a profound silence for near a minute; when the old gentleman rubbing his forehead—'Well, Madam we must come to some conclusion. Pray, is it less than fourteen thousand?'—'Less, Sir.'—'More than ten thousand?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Not so much, Madam?'—'Not so much.'—'Why, if it is lodged in the fund, consider, interest is low, very low: but as the boy loves her, trifles shall not part us. Has she got eight thousand pounds?'—'Not so much, Sir.'—'Why, then, Madam; perhaps the young lady's fortune may not be above six—or five thousand pounds.'—'Nothing like it, sir.' At those words the old gentleman started from his chair, and running out of the room—'Your servant, your servant: my son is a fool: and the fellow who recommended me to you is a blockhead, and knows nothing of business.'

THE UNHAPPY SEPARATION.

In this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five years since a young gentleman, of the family of Amedei, married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year, they had a daughter as the fruit of their love but this tender union was in a short time cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his spouse, and conducted him a prisoner to the castle of St Angelo. A process was immediately instituted annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means possible, to prove that his marriage was valid, and to have it ratified; his wife went also with her daughter in her arms, and threw herself at the feet of her judges; but in vain. A sentence was at last pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging the mother, that inconsolable wife, to write to her husband with her own hand, the fatal news of their eternal separation. Oppressed with the most cruel despair, she thus wrote to him; 'I find myself under the cruel necessity of renouncing those sweet and sacred bands which

till now have held our hearts firmly united; but I resign myself with less repugnance, from the consideration that it will be the means of terminating that long and severe captivity, which you have suffered for my sake. Live free, dear husband (this alas! is the last time that my lips will pronounce so sweet a name) O live! take comfort; and, if it be possible, live happy, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which she has given you, and take care of her when you know that I no longer exist; for the grief, which this separation causes to me, is so bitter, so penetrating, and absorbs in such a manner the faculties of my soul, that I want strength to resist it. Very soon shall I cease to live; may my death satiate the inhumanity of our cruel persecutors! GOD bless you. Farewell! Farewell! forever!

Four days afterwards, that unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulsions; and her death set the gentleman at liberty, whose despair has not yet been calmed.

THE REWARD OF BRAVERY.

In the reign of queen Ann, captain Hardy, whose ship was stationed at Lagos bay, happened to receive undoubted advice of the arrival of the Spanish galleons under a convoy of 17 men of war, in the harbor of Vigo; and without any warrant for so doing set sail, and made such expedition that he came up with Sir George Rook, who was then admiral and commander in chief in the Mediterranean, and gave him that intelligence, which engaged him to make the best of his way to Vigo, where all the before mentioned galleons and men of war were either taken or destroyed. Sir George was sensible of the importance of the advice, and the successful expedition of the captain; but after the fight was over, the victory obtained, and the proper advantages made of it, the Admiral ordered Capt. Hardy on board; and with a stern countenance, ' You have done, Sir, said he, a very important piece of service to the queen; you have added to the honor and riches of your country by your diligence; but do not you know you are at this instant liable to be shot for quitting your station ?' ' He's unworthy to bear a commission under her majesty, replied the captain, who holds his own life as aught, when the glory and interest of his queen and country requires him to hazard it.' On this heroic answer, the admiral

dispatched him home with the first news of the victory, and letters of recommendation to the queen, who instantly knighted him, and afterwards made him a rear admiral.

Another instance of the reward of bravery, was of the prince of Conte, who being highly pleased with the intrepid behaviour of a grenadier at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in 1734, threw him his purse, excusing the smallness of the sum it contained, as being too poor a reward for his courage. Next morning the grenadier went to the prince with a couple of diamond rings and other jewels of considerable value. Sir, (said he) the gold I found in your purse I suppose your Highness intended me; but these I bring back to you as having no claim to them.' 'You have, soldier, answered the prince, doubly deserved them by your bravery, and by your honesty; therefore they are yours.'

INSTANCE OF FEMALE HEROISM, AND THE MODE OF
TREATING WOMEN IN SOME COUNTRIES.

The kingdom of Currat in Hindostan was governed by queen Dargocette, eminent for spirit and beauty. Small as that kingdom is, it contained about seventy thousand towns and villages, the effect of long peace and prosperity. Being invaded by Asaph Can, not many years ago, the queen, mounted on an elephant, led her troops to battle. Her son Rajah Bier Shaw, being wounded in the heat of action, was by her orders carried from the field. That accident having occasioned a general panic, the queen was left with no more than three hundred horsemen. Adhar, who conducted her elephant, exhorted her to retire, while it could be done with safety. The heroine rejected the advice. 'It is true,' said she, 'we are overcome in battle; but not in honor. Shall I, for a lingering ignominious life, lose reputation that has been my chief study ! Let your gratitude repay now the obligations you owe me: pull out your dagger, and save me from slavery, by putting an end to my life.'

The Ciagas, a fierce and wandering nation in the central parts of Africa, being supinely idle at home, subject their wives and their slaves to every sort of drudgery, such as digging, sowing, reaping, cutting wood, grinding corn, fetching water, &c. These poor creatures are suffered to toil in the

fields and woods, ready to faint with excessive labor, while the monsters of men will not give themselves even the trouble of training animals for work, though they have the example of the Portuguese before their eyes.

It is the business of women among the wandering Arabs of Africa, to card, spin, and weave, and to manage other household affairs. They milk the cattle, grind, bake, brew, dress the victuals, and bring home wood and water. They even take care of their husbands' horses, feed, curry, comb, bridle and saddle them. They would also, like Moorish wives, be obliged to dig, sow, and reap their corn, but luckily for them, the Arabs live entirely upon plunder. Father Joseph Gummilla, in his account of a country in South America, bordering on the great river Orinoco, describes pathetically the miserable slavery of married women there, and mentions a practice that would appear incredible to one unacquainted with the manners of that country; which is, that married women frequently destroy their female infants. A married woman of a virtuous character and a good understanding, having been guilty of that crime, was reproached by our author in very bitter terms. She heard him patiently to the end of his discourse with eyes fixed on the ground, and answered as follows: 'I wish to God, Sir, I wish to God, that my mother had by my death, prevented the manifold distresses I have endured, and have yet to endure as long as I live. Had she kindly stifled me at my birth, I should not have

felt the pain of death, nor numberless other pains to which life hath subjected me: Consider, father, our deplorable condition. Our husbands go out to hunt with their bows and arrows and trouble themselves no farther. We are dragged along with one infant, at our breast another in a basket. They return in the evening without any burthen; we return with the burthen of our children; and though tired out with a long march, are not permitted to sleep, but must labor the whole night in grinding maize to make chica for them. They get drunk, and in their drunkenness they beat us, draw us by the hair of the head, and tread us under foot. But what have we to comfort us for slavery, perhaps of twenty years? A young wife is brought in upon us, who is permitted to abuse us and our children, because we are no longer regarded. Can human nature endure such tyranny? What kindness can we show to our female children, equal to that of delivering them from such a state of servitude, more bitter a thousand times than death? I say again, would to God that my mother had put me underground the moment I was born.'

One would imagine, that the women of that country should have the greatest abhorrence of matrimony; but all-prevailing nature determines the contrary, and the appetite for matrimony overbalances every rational consideration.

Upon a review of such conduct as this, how happy should English women think themselves, whose

condition is so much the reverse from that of those poor wretches. Let them at least forbear from that spirit of usurpation to which they are so prone, and from a principle of gratitude learn some small degree of subjection.

SAVAGE MANNERS, AND A REMARKABLE
INSTANCE OF RUSSIAN BARBARITY.

Herodotus says, that a Scythian presents the king with the heads of the enemies he has killed in battle ; and the man who does not bring a head, gets no share of the plunder. He adds, that many Scythians clothe themselves with the skins of men, and make use of the skulls of their enemies to drink out of. Diodorus Siculus reports of the Gauls, that they carry home the heads of their enemies slain in battle; and after embalming them, deposit them in chests as their chief trophy, bragging of the sums offered for these heads by the friends of the deceased, and refused.

No savages were more cruel than the Greeks and Trojans, as described by Homer; men were butchered in cold blood, towns were reduced to ashes, sovereigns were exposed to the most humiliating indignities, and no respect was paid to age or sex. The young Adrastus thrown from his car, and lying in his face in the dust, obtained quarter from Menelaus. Agamemnon upbraided his brother for his lenity: 'Let none escape destruction,' said he, 'not even the lisping infant in the mother's arms: all her sons must with Ilium fall, and on her ruins unburied remain.' He pierced the the suppliant with his spear, and setting his foot on the body pulled it out.

Hector having stript Patroclus of his arms, drags the slain along, vowing to lop the head from the trunk, to give the mangled corse a prey to the dogs of Tróy. And the 17th book of the Iliad is wholly employed in describing the contest about the body, between the Greeks and the Trojans.

Besides the brutality of preventing the last duties from being performed to a dead friend, it is a low scene, unworthy of heroes. It was equally brutal in Achilles, to drag the corse of Hector to the ships, tied to his car. In a scene between Hector and Andromache, the treatment of vanquished enemies is pathetically described; sovereigns massacred and their bodies left a prey to dogs and vultures; sucking infants dashed against the pavement; ladies of the first rank forced to perform the lowest acts of slavery. Hector doth not dissemble, when he foretold, that if Troy was conquered, his poor wife would be condemned to draw water like the vilest slave.

Hecuba, in Euripides, laments that she was chained like a dog at Agamemnon's gate; and the same savage manners are described in many other Greek tragedies. Prometheus makes free with the heavenly fire, in order to give life to man. As a punishment for bringing rational creatures into existence, the gods decree, that he be chained to a rock and abandoned to birds of prey. Vulcan is introduced by Eschylus rattling the chain, nailing one end to a rock, and the other to the breast-bone of the criminal. Who but an American savage,

can now behold such a spectacle, without being shocked at it! A scene representing a woman murdered by her children would be hissed by every modern audience, and yet that horrid scene was represented with applause in the *Electra* of Sophocles. Menander says, that even the gods cannot inspire a soldier with civility; no wonder that the Greek soldiers were brutes and barbarians, when war was waged, not only against the state, but against every individual.

The Greeks are the less excusable for their cruelty, as they appear to have been sensible, that humanity is a cardinal virtue. Barbarians are always painted by Homer as cruel; polished nations as tender and compassionate.

Ye Gods! (he cried) upon what barren coast,
In what new region is Ulysses tost;
Possess'd by wild barbarians fierce in arms,
Or men whose bosom tender pity warms?

ODYSSEY, Book xiii. 241.

That cruelty was predominant among the Romans, is evident from every one of their historians. During the second triumvirate, horrid cruelties were every day perpetrated without pity or remorse. Anthony having ordered Cicero to be beheaded, and the head being brought to him, viewed it with savage pleasure. His wife Fulvia, laid hold of it and struck it on the face, uttered many bitter imprecations, and having placed it between her knees, drew out the tongue and pierced it with a bodkin.

The following instance of barbarity excels any already mentioned.

Madam Lapouchin, the great ornament of the court of Petersburg, during the reign of the Empress Elizabeth, having contracted an intimacy with a foreign ambassador, was brought under suspicion of plotting with him against the government, and was accordingly condemned to undergo the punishment of the knout. At the place of execution she appeared in a genteel undress, which heightened her beauty. Of whatever indiscretion she might have been guilty, the sweetness of her countenance, and her composure, left not in the spectators the slightest suspicion of guilt. Her youth also, her beauty, her life and spirit pleaded for her. But all in vain: she was deserted by all, and abandoned to surly executioners, whom she beheld with astonishment, seeming to doubt whether such preparations were intended for her. The cloak that covered her bosom being pulled off, modesty took the alarm, and made her start back: she turned pale, and burst into tears. One of the executioners stripped her naked to the waist, seized her by both hands, and threw her on his back, raising her some inches from the ground. The other executioner laying hold of her delicate limbs with his rough fists, put her in a posture for receiving the punishment. Then laying hold of the knout, a sort of whip made of a leather strap, he retreated a few steps, and with a single stroke tore off a slip of skin from the neck downward, repeating his strokes till all the

skin of her back was cut off in small slips. The executioner finished his task by cutting out the tongue; after which she was banished to Siberia.



THE ABSENT MAN.

Mr Thoughtful, having devoted his early day to study, became literally so wrapt up with his ideas as to be frequently insensible of what was said or doing. His answers have been often incoherent and strange; his actions equally wonderful and unaccountable. His father soon repented of having left him so long at college; or suffered him, when young, to apply his mind incessantly to learning for, that

‘A little knowledge is a dangerous thing’, is the assertion of a much admired poet. who consequently exhorts all votaries of learning to

‘Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.’

But here is a sad proof that a man may drink too deep, or indeed so deep, as to intoxicate his brain, and become as stupid and disagreeable as one who is totally ignorant.

The father was now determined to provide a wife for his son—in hopes that a woman might rouse him from lethargy—might awaken him from this profound stupor; and by amusing his perplexing thoughts, give him some life and animation.

The father, according to his design, having fixed his eye upon a young lady in the neighborhood, watched an opportunity of hinting the matter to his son.

Young Thoughtful, who had been now sent by

the housekeeper to desire to know how his father wished the goose to be drest—appeared in a very musing posture.

‘I am come,’ says the son,’ to ask you—— here he paused, and began to think on what he had come about.

‘I find,’ cried his father, ‘that I must provide somebody to sharpen your memory— what think you of a wife, Charles? Perhaps she may quicken your recollection.’

‘A wife! A woman!’——

‘Ay, a fine young girl.’

‘Otway, I think, was divided in his opinion;— in one of his plays he says ‘We would be brutes without her;’—in another, he calls her ‘the fountain of all human frailty;’—for my part I must agree with Solon.’——

‘Plague on Solon, he is not my son; I want to know if a wife is agreeable—now tell me immediately—what do you say? A wife is a good dish, boy, for your nice appetites—you are not afraid of matrimony, hey!—sure it would be impossible for any woman to make a goose of such a sober, wise young man.’

‘A goose——’ the son recollected the dinner, and begged to know how he wished it to be drest.

This being foreign to the subject, provoked the father, and he answered him both peevishly and harshly—‘with sage and onions.’ He then resumed his subject, and with some difficulty procured his acquiescence. The old man was highly delighted with having so far succeeded, and gave

him a twenty pound bill to buy clothes for the occasion—recommending a suit of white and silver, it being, in his opinion, the fittest to celebrate a wedding, and the most becoming for a bridegroom.

‘But,’ exclaimed the father, ‘how would you wish to be dressed?’

The son started—looked foolish—coughed and cried ‘eh’!

‘How would you wish to be dressed?’

A long pause now. At last, the son echoing ‘dressed,’ and the father answering ‘yes,’ he replied, ‘Oh, father, as you do—as you do, father—with sage and onions.’

The old gentleman was exasperated at this reply, and was obliged to repeat all he had said before, for the better comprehension of his son. At last, having, as he thought, recovered his recollection, he now left him in a greater labyrinth than ever.

When alone, the wife entered into his head, and seemed to afford him some temporary pleasure. He intended to go and see her. The house-keeper met him, and begged to know how the goose was to be dressed.

‘Dressed, O, in white and silver; that’s my father’s wish.’

He now went out, but forgetting his hat, was obliged to return; then anxious to see a friend of his, who was a student at Cambridge; he wrote a few lines—folded up the letter to put in the Post

Office, but forgot to seal it.—Then thinking of his mistress, he directed the letter to her, instead of his friend. Away he goes—first directing his steps to the Post Office, and when half way—turning back to see his mistress—then backwards and forwards;—once indeed he went a mile beyond his mistress's house;—then returning in a great hurry, forgot to stop where she lived. At last he reached the Post Office, merely by chance—the letter box reminded him of his intention; but instead of throwing in the letter, he threw in the twenty pound bill, which was to purchase him clothes, then bending his course again to his mistress's house, he was stopped by a beggar woman, who craved charity; the young man stopped too, and informed her it was past two o'clock: thus he ran about, without answering any purpose, or doing the least good.

By means of the father, indeed, the marriage took place; yet the bridegroom was so absent, that he made a very mal-a-propos reply to the chaplain, during the ceremony. They all came home to Mr 'Thoughtful's house: the old gentleman gave up his chamber to the bride and bridegroom, but the young gentleman forgetting this, happened unfortunately to go to his own bed, and the poor bride was entirely forsaken. The father brought his absent son to recollection of his duty; he arose and dressed himself; but forgetting the most material part of his covering, made such an awkward appearance before his fair one, as shocked her not a little.

We are not at liberty to proceed in the mistakes of this absent man. Suffice it to say, that his wife in due time recalled his recollection, and young Thoughtful became more consistent.

NOBLE EXAMPLE OF VIRTUE IN SCIPIO.

Scipio the younger, when only twentyfour years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. His wisdom and valor would have done honor to the most experienced General. Determined to strike an important blow, he formed a design of besieging Carthagera, then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His measures were so judiciously concerted, and with so much courage and intrepidity pursued by sea and land, that notwithstanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by storm. The plunder was immense. Ten thousand free men were made prisoners: and above three hundred more of both sexes, were received as hostages. One of the latter, a very ancient lady, the wife of Maudonius, brother of Indibilis, king of the Pergetis, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and, throwing herself at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to those who had the ladies in their keeping, to have regard to their sex and birth. Scipio, who did not understand her meaning at first, assured her that he had given orders that they should not want for anything. But the lady replied, 'Those conveniences are not what affect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not

to be contented? I have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war; and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princesses, which you see here before us; for as to me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect.' She had with her the daughters of Indibilis, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother. Scipio, then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, 'My own glory,' said he, 'and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering that virtue, which ought always to be respected, wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict in my care of it, in the virtuous solicitude you show in thinking only of the preservation of your honor in the midst of so many other objects of fear.' After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding, that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends. It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired into his camp, some of his officers brought him a virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of everybody. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprise; and, like one thunderstruck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in

a General, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his straggling spirits, he inquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connexions; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than, even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and, to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed him thus: 'You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with more liberty. Those who brought me your future spouse, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which reflecting, that if, like you, I had thought of making an engagement, and were not wholly engrossed with the affairs of my country, I should desire that so honorable and legitimate a passion should find favor. I think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you this service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bless you, with her. One thing, however, I would have you to be fully assured of, that she has been among us as she would have been in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the expense of virtue, honor, and the happiness of an honest man. No—

I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift, is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people.' Allucius' heart was too full to make him any answer; but throwing himself at the General's feet he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture; and remained so, till the father burst out into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! O, glorious leader! O, wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, raptures above all the transports you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?'

The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very considerable sum for her ransom: but when they saw that she was restored to them in a manner so generous and godlike, they entreated the conqueror with great earnestness, to accept that sum as a present; and declared, by his complying, that new favor would complete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to resist such warm and earnest solicitations, told them that he accepted the gift; and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then addressing himself to Allucius, 'I add,' said he, 'to the portion which you are to receive from your father in law this sum: which I desire you to accept as a marriage present.'

If we consider that Scipio was at this time in the prime of life, unmarried, and under no restraint, we cannot but acknowledge, that the conquest he

made of himself was far more glorious than that of the Carthagenian empire: and though his treatment of this captive prince was not more delicate and generous than what might justly be expected from a person endowed with reason and reflection; yet considering how few there are in his circumstances who would have acted as he did, we cannot but applaud his conduct, and propose him as a suitable example to future ages. Nor was his virtue unrewarded. The young prince, charmed with the liberality and politeness of Scipio, went into his country to publish the praise of a victor so generous.

He cried out, in the transports of his gratitude, that there was come into Spain a young hero like the gods; who conquered all things less by the force of his arms, than the charms of his virtue, and the greatness of his beneficence. Upon this report, all Celtiberia submitted to the Romans; and Allucius returned in a short time to Scipio, at the head of 1400 chosen horse, to facilitate his future conquests. To render the marks of his gratitude still more durable, Allucius caused the action we have just related, to be engraven on a silver shield, which he presented to Scipio; a present infinitely more estimable and glorious than all his treasures and triumphs. The buckler which Scipio carried with him when he returned to Rome, was lost, in passing the Rhine with part of the baggage. It continued in that river, till the year 1665, when some fishermen found it. It is now in the cabinet of the king of France.

THE BROKEN LEG.

Bonnard appeared at all times, and every where, before mid-day, a prudent and amiable man, but after dinner, and in the evening, he was not always precisely so. In fact, he was a true son of the ancient Germans, so often reproached for a love of drinking, and knew no greater enjoyment, than that of singing amidst convivial friends, the inspiring songs of 'Enjoy the charm of life'—'With laurel crown the flowing bowl,' and in emptying out a flask of good old Hochheimer, as an accompaniment. Had he been satisfied with *one* flask, nobody would have had a right to say aught against him, especially as his income permitted it; but one flask ever and anon called for another, coupled with the proverb, 'that a man cannot stand upon *one* leg,' or 'that three all the world over is a lucky number.' Alas! he was not at a loss to find wise saws and proverbs, as an excuse for a fourth, fifth, and even a sixth flask.

The mother, sisters, and brothers, with whom he resided, had the mortification of seeing him return home almost every night, perfectly intoxicated. Their most urgent remonstrances were fruitless, and they began to think that his drunkenness was incurable. Laura, Bonnard's sweetheart, thought so too, for after innumerable little quarrels, a complete breach was at length made between the two lovers, who indeed were almost as much as betrothed.

From that moment he sank deeper. He had until this time, from a respect to Laura, maintained at least the outward appearance of good manners, but now he became a shameless and notorious drunkard. No night passed, that he had not a scuffle with watchmen, or slept off his intoxication in a round house. His health thereby began visibly to be injured, and his fortune to melt away. In short, he was upon the brink of ruin.

Two of his friends, who, although they often drank with him, always kept themselves within the bounds of moderation, were much grieved at his conduct, and resolved to reclaim the drinker, by a method not the most common in the world. With this view they one evening accompanied Bonnard to a public wine-cellar, and appeared in particularly high spirits. Bonnard's favourite Hochheimer, was called for, and they encouraged him to quaff as much of it as he liked, and that was no small dose. He drank himself into the clouds.

Towards midnight, the two friends began to yawn shut their eyes, and seemed to fall asleep. Bonnard was delighted, for he could now drink another flask without being reproved by them. Before however he had finished it, intoxication reached its highest pitch, and he at length fell, deprived of reason, into a sound and death-like sleep.

His friends instantly started from their pretended slumber, shook and jogged him, and to their great joy found that he exhibited no symptoms of wake-

fulness. By a sign which was previously agreed upon, they now called in a surgeon, who was waiting in the adjoining apartment. He immediately entered, bringing with him splints and other implements for a broken leg, and soon laced up the right limb of the sleeper, as tightly as if it had been most dangerously fractured. Upon this they sprinkled water upon his face, and gave a fearful thundering cry.

The sleeper started up—seized instantly his leg which the splints squeezed, and wished to rise from his chair; his friends however held him fast, crying out, ‘Unfortunate man! stir not—you have received a dangerous contusion. We had scarcely fallen asleep till in attempting to go down stairs, you fell, broke your leg, and fainted. Upon that we awakened, raised you up, and caused you to be dressed. In heaven’s name! stir not for life! We have ordered a litter, and it will be here immediately to carry you home.’

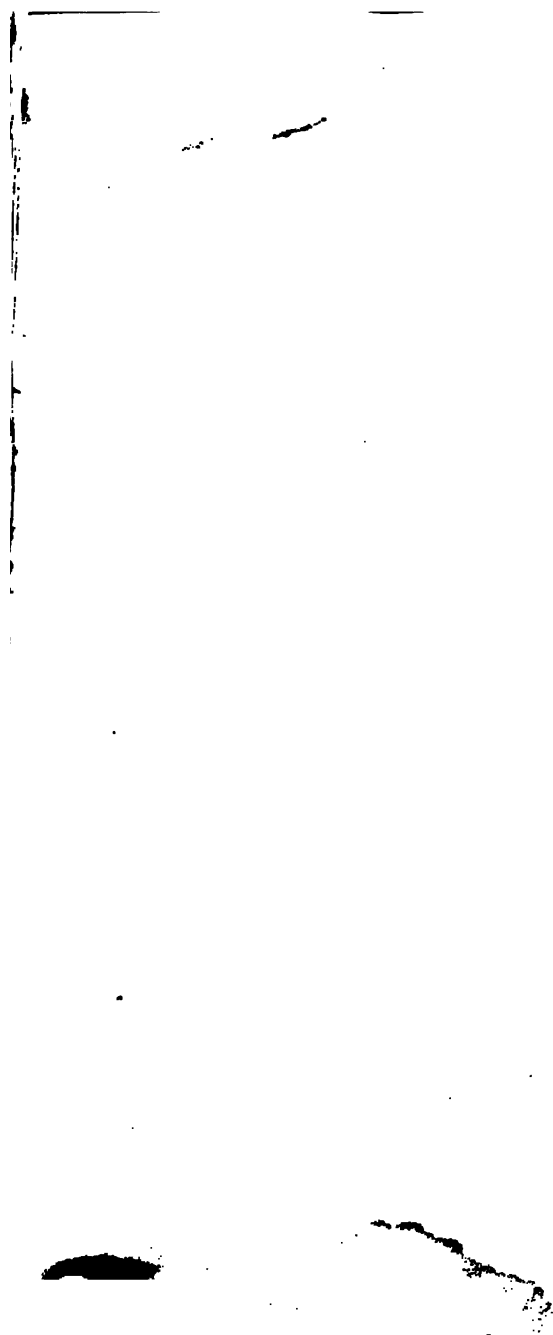
Bonnard was delirious;—his fancy magnified the pressure of the splints to be the pain of a real broken limb, and never once imagining that he was deceived, permitted himself to be borne home lamenting.

There, his family received him as concerted, with tears and wailings. For four weeks he continued to be visited by the surgeon, who kept his leg squeezed into a case, so that he could not move himself, nor even entertain a suspicion of his own perfect health. So long an imprisonment

was unbearable;—he cursed wine as the cause of his misfortunes, and made a solemn vow never to get drunk in future;

At the expiration of a month, the surgeon informed him that the cure was completed. He went as if upon eggs to save his broken leg, and his first walk was to the house of his sweetheart, whom he anxiously entreated to forget the past, and once more reinstate him in her affections. She promised both on condition of a temperate year's probation. He kept it manfully, and then became the husband of his Laura, and continued during the course of his life, an orderly, respectable man, who never at any time drank more than he could carry.

After several years, Bonnard for the first time, discovered the trick that had been played upon him; he thanked his friends heartily for it, and began once more to tread firmly on his right leg, the straining of which he had always until then most carefully avoided.



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